



The Saturday Review

No. 2167, Vol. 83. 8 May, 1897. Price 6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES	499	New Issues, &c.—Schweppes; The		"Feminine Exegetics." By E. L.	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Globe Cashier; Folies Bergère and		Garbett	514
The Chief Justice of the Transvaal .	502	Scala	511	Continents, Lost or Strayed . . .	514
The New Workman's Charter . . .	503	Advice to Investors	511	REVIEWS:	
Samory	503	CORRESPONDENCE:		Latter-Day Turkey. By Wentworth	
SPECIAL ARTICLES:		Greece and Freedom. By P. Chalmers		Huyshe	515
A County Council Improvement. By		Mitchell	511	The Chaplain in India	516
Arthur Morrison	504	Mr. A. T. Q. Couch and the Navy		For the Epicure	517
In a Moorish Garden—The Rain that		League. By H. W. Wilson . . .	512	Aristotle Improved	517
Delayed. By Walter B. Harris . .	505	Tinplate Workmen's Distress and		A French Country Vicar	518
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		American Protection. By Arthur		An Anonymous Sportsman . . .	518
Mainly Concerning Grieg. By J. F. R.	506	Gilbertson	512	Ladylike Fiction	519
"John Gabriel Borkman." By G. B. S.	507	The Kingfisher. By W. H. Hudson	513	Reviews and Magazines	519
MONEY MATTERS.	509	"The Age of Wordsworth." By C. H.		This Week's Books	520
		Herford	513	SUPPLEMENT (Books of the Week):	
		Matter and Force. By H. Charlton		The Coming American Revolution .	493
		Bastian	514	The Acts of the Apostles . . .	494
				The Brontë Controversy	494
				Fjeld, Forest and Fjord	495
				On Trent River	495
				Literary Notes	496

[A Literary Supplement, devoted to new books, is issued with this number; and another will appear next week.]

NOTES.

ON Thursday the papers were filled with accounts of Greek victories at Velesino and Phersala. The Crown Prince, we were informed, had congratulated Colonel Smolenski, and the Colonel, making the most of his opportunity, played the "modest hero" to the general admiration. But at the topmost height of the happy hour, while the Athenians were chanting Te Deums and the Council of Ministers were wiring their felicitations to the Crown Prince and the gallant Colonel and the army generally, the Council of War made up its mind that Phersala was getting too hot for it and ordered another night retreat, this time upon Demoko. Truly, an astonishing victory. The Turkish troops employed the same night to outflank Phersala, and when morning dawned moved forward to the attack, only to be disappointed. The main army of the Greeks had evaded the threatened embrace, and the Turks found only Smolenski to avenge themselves upon, and the fate of that officer and his force is, we are told, still uncertain. But what remains past all doubt is that the Greeks have lost the railway line of communication with Volo. Consequently that seaport must fall into the hands of the Turks, and, in fact, the thrice beaten army of the Greeks can offer no effective resistance to the triumphal Turkish advance.

Though we profess to be, in Lord Salisbury's words, neither Philo-Turk nor Philhellene, we yet cannot regard this result with Lord Salisbury's equanimity. Lord Salisbury may put Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett's capture by the Greeks into the same scale with Mr. Gladstone's violent denunciation of the Sultan, but as a matter of fact and not of jest, every Englishman must regard with loathing any extension or intensification of Turkish power in Europe. The moment has surely come when the Powers should intervene and prevent further bloodshed in this one-sided conflict. And if England leads the way in this, one can afford to acknowledge with Lord Salisbury that the Federation of Europe has at least been able to localize the war, and has thus done good.

The House of Commons has clearly made up its mind to do as little work as possible for the present. On Tuesday the House allowed itself to be counted out at ten minutes to five o'clock—the earliest count-out on record—although there were about four hundred members actually present in the House at the time. Nothing but sheer, deliberate laziness can account for this. There was absolutely no reason why, after the

debate on Habitual Offenders had ended—and it would have ended very soon—the rest of the business of the House should not have gone on in the usual way. Sir Charles Cameron, who moved the resolution on Habitual Offenders, and Dr. Farquharson are not markedly tedious speakers. Sir Charles belongs to the ordinary type of sensible Scotch newspaper proprietor, and though neither he nor Dr. Farquharson possesses any strikingly enlivening qualities, still, in a normal House, they would have secured a hearing. As it was, the House was counted out before Dr. Farquharson had even finished his speech. The same casual spirit was seen in the House the very next day, when the House adjourned before six o'clock, in spite of the fact that no less than four hundred and twenty-one members were known to be in the House at the time. We are inclined to wonder why they are at the pains of putting in an appearance at all.

The Workmen's Accidents Bill, as printed, presents some points which were not made clear in the preliminary statement. The first of these has regard to the costs of the proceedings to recover the compensation given by the Bill, which it was announced were to be borne by the State. It is, however, only the arbitrator's fees in case of dispute which will be so paid. Another provision which will certainly encounter a good deal of opposition from the workmen's side is that which makes the employer pay the fee of the doctor who certifies injury. As regards the time after which compensation can be claimed the Bill is, however, even more favourable to the workman than the forecast announced. In Germany compensation is only given for injuries which disable the workman for more than thirteen weeks. In Austria and Norway the term is four weeks, but the Government Bill not only shortens the period to a fortnight, but also makes the compensation begin from the moment the injury was received.

One point on which the anticipations of the Government will probably be deceived is the diminution in litigation they expect to result from the arbitration provisions. During the past twelve years there have been in England from 100 to 400 claims for compensation in the County Courts each year, and the amount of compensation obtained has been about £9,000 a year, whilst every year only a few thousand accidents are reported to the Board of Trade. In Germany, where arbitration is in full swing and there are 370,000 accidents annually, the number of cases of compensation that are settled amounts to about 7,000, whereas there are more than double that number in which an appeal is made to the tribunal at Berlin. Arbitration is a fine word, but it has a way of disappointing the hopes that are placed upon it.

The "contracting-out" issue is as dead as Home Rule, and Mr. Asquith and Mr. Haldane showed their lack of political sagacity by dwelling upon it. The ingenious method by which the Government Bill has got over the difficulty left them mere voices crying in the wilderness. It was a painful sight to see Mr. Asquith championing his own abortive measure as against one so infinitely superior to his. He has never before revealed so fully the pitiable narrowness of his political vision and the want of generosity which makes him sneer at the success of a rival where he miserably failed.

The ultimate fate of the Bill still hangs in the clouds, and Ministers will make a mistake if they assume that its favourable reception on both sides of the House and by the "Daily Chronicle" outside mean that it will have an easy passage. It is quite possible that a rough time is ahead for the Bill, and it may be destroyed at any moment by a coalition of the Trade Unions and the Friendly Societies. The Trade Union officials do not like arbitration, for the simple reason that it diminishes their own power of interference. They object very strongly to anything that comes between them and the members of their Unions. This will not matter, however, if the Friendly Societies are favourable, and the fate of the Bill practically lies in the hands of the Ancient Order of Foresters and the Manchester Union of Oddfellows. The spirit of Friendly Societies is, no doubt, on the whole conservative, and if they can be persuaded that the Government Bill will not affect their own welfare its future may be taken as assured.

Wednesday's discussion on the Mines (Eight Hours) Bill in the House of Commons was not marked by any very special feature. Mr. Allen explained clearly enough that he proposed by his measure, which would affect over half a million people in this country, to limit the hours of labour in mines to eight hours a day. Sir Charles Dilke made an excellent speech, pointing out that the overwhelming majority of the miners were in favour of the Bill; but it was eventually lost. Mr. John Wilson made an amusing point when referring to his rival, Mr. Pickard, and himself as having been at one time both opposed to the Bill. "I and the hon. member," said Mr. Wilson, "met in conference, and both argued against the Bill, and when I, with my perseverance, and the hon. member, with his obstinacy, joined together" . . . The rest of the sentence was drowned in the loud laughter of the House. The distinction between perseverance and obstinacy is almost worthy to be set beside the well-known definition of orthodoxy and heterodoxy.

The Undermanning Bill, which was read a second time on Monday and referred to the Standing Committee on Trade, only amounts to an amendment of the existing Merchant Shipping Acts so as to make undermanning a sufficient cause for the detention of a vessel from proceeding to sea. Still, it is something, and though we do not believe that undermanning is really common on British ships, it is unquestionable that the practice is not unknown, and this new clause may be counted upon to put a stop to it altogether. The manning scale proposed by the majority is open to the radical objection that a minimum crew would give shipowners official sanction for manning their vessels less adequately than the bulk of them do at present. One might demur to the increased powers granted to the Board of Trade, but as owners have their remedy in a Court of Survey and damages, the Board is not likely to be too rigid in the interpretation of its new functions.

The Irish landlords have held a Convention to formulate grievances; but their meeting in Dublin throws little light on the grievance or the suggested remedy. We knew already that the reductions of rent decreed by the Land Commissioners were ruinous to a large proportion of the landlords; but for that there are only two possible remedies—to abolish the Land Commission or to reimburse the landlords out of public funds; and the Duke of Abercorn and his friends might as well cry for the moon as for either of those remedies. There is a feeling in England that it was only the obstinacy of the landlords themselves in refusing to reduce rents, under

circumstances which in England would have led to an immediate reduction, that rendered possible the Land Courts system in Ireland. But, say the Irish landlords, our rents are being reduced beyond all proportion to the fall in prices which has reduced agricultural values in England. We believe that is true; but the Landlords' Convention made no attempt to prove it by detailed and comprehensive figures. There is a test ready to their hand. Let them produce a list of the sales of "tenant right" since 1881, and if that account proves that the market value of the tenants' interest has increased in proportion as that of the landlords' interest has decreased, they will have gone far to prove their case. Till this is done, conventions and demonstrations, with cries of spoliation, are merely so much waste of breath.

We do not know whether Mr. Gerald Balfour inspired the paragraph in Wednesday's "Times" to the effect that the Government were going to drop the Irish Agriculture and Industries Bill; if so, it is time the Lord-Lieutenant looked out for another Chief Secretary. The reason is alleged in the choicest penny-a-lining style that "an unfavourable reception has been accorded to it in the Sister Isle." This is untrue. We knew that Mr. John Dillon had blocked it; but since he wrecked the Report of the Irish Financial Relations Commission Mr. Dillon has been an object of such contempt among his own followers that even Mr. Balfour cannot regard him as a person of importance. The Irish Recess Committee, representing all parties, had cordially welcomed it, pointing out only, as the "Saturday Review" had done on the morrow of its introduction, that its machinery was unnecessarily complicated and that the financial provisions were insufficient. But it could have been knocked into shape in a single afternoon in the House, and a Government that is arranging for a reduction of three judges and a couple of thousand police in Ireland, and that withholds over half a million annually that should have gone to Ireland as her proportion of the Agricultural Relief Act, could have no difficulty in finding an adequate endowment for such an Agricultural Board. But we suppose the officials dislike extra trouble, and as Mr. Gerald Balfour does not know enough or care enough about the subject to insist, it is to be allowed to fall through. That is how Ireland is governed, and then we are surprised when, once in a generation or so, a Parnell comes to the front.

The fire at the Charity Bazaar in the Rue Jean Goujon in Paris on Tuesday last was a scene of horror that has not often been equalled. A flimsy structure of wood and paint and bunting crammed with people gaily dressed and gaily chattering and chaffing round the stalls of the great ladies who lead the life of Paris; a sudden flare of red light, a mad rush of all the throng beneath a rain of burning tar and burning drapery to the sole feeble exit; a few minutes of terrible agony in the cauldron of fire without even the mercy of suffocation. Then the blazing roof fell down upon the mass of humanity that a few minutes before had been a brilliant and aristocratic throng, and the rest—a few score charred and barely recognizable bodies and a heap of calcined skulls. Heroism was not wanting in those terrible moments amidst all the blind panic, as for the credit of humanity it seldom is at such times. The Duchesse d'Alençon saved the lives of the younger women around her, went to look for her husband, and died. A young man, an Englishman or an American, rushed in and out, bearing now corpses, now living beings, then disappeared. His name and fate are alike unknown.

The gap made by this disaster in the society of a European capital is probably unequalled. The battle of Waterloo was less fatal in this sense. Even Berlin society was less decimated by the still more disastrous fighting on 16 and 18 August, 1870, when the Cavalry and the Guards were engaged at Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte. Proof of the rare courage displayed by some of the men in the bazaar is to be found in the fact that about two hundred women were passed out from the burning building through the narrow ventilating hole of a French kitchen. Had the men made a rush,

this narrow aperture would inevitably have been jammed and these two hundred would have been added to the list of the dead.

The fact that the Reichstag refused to vote the money asked for by the Emperor for the extension of the navy will be fresh in everybody's memory. We have been informed that the Emperor has himself taken the responsibility of ordering the vessels, the construction of which has already been commenced. Where the money is to come from is another matter. A somewhat similar thing occurred a short while ago over the new cannon with which the Emperor desired to re-furnish the army at a cost of 230 million marks. When the Reichstag declined to sanction the expenditure, the Emperor ordered the guns, which have been made, and are at the present time lying ready at the Krupp works.

The fate of the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty was finally settled on Wednesday, when it was rejected by the Senate. If was a foregone conclusion, of course. But if it has done nothing more, the discussion on this unhappy measure has opened the eyes of many Englishmen to the bitter feelings entertained against this country by a large section of the American people, and constantly fomented by a large section of the American press.

Misfortune dogs, with grim persistency, the footsteps of the Italians in Africa. The report which came by way of Paris of the practical annihilation of the Bottego expedition is now confirmed from Italian sources, but the details are still lacking which would enable us to say whether the disaster was due to the "treachery" of the Abyssinians, as they were inclined to believe in Rome, or to the hostility of the Galla tribes. Captain Bottego had done excellent service as an explorer in mapping a section of the Jub river and in other districts of the Italian Protectorate; but Dr. Donaldson Smith found that the natives of the Galla country had anything but friendly recollections of Bottego and his companion Prince Ruspoli, and had indeed, by reason of the action of the Italian travellers, made up their minds to oppose by force the entrance of other Europeans into their country. The Italians are scarcely likely to hold on to their protectorate over portions of Somaliland and Gallaland, whatever they may do about Erythrea. It is fortunate that Mr. Rennell Rodd can tell the Government Menelik's views on this as well as on other questions which may arise affecting our relations with Abyssinia.

News from the Congo always travels with the slowest of slow feet. The Administration of the Free State in Brussels works by preference in the dark—which is not perhaps surprising when Captain Hinde's recent revelations are borne in mind. But now, at the beginning of May, there is published a telegram from the Vice-Governor of the Congo Free State announcing that in the middle of February last some of the native soldiers of the State on the Welle river mutinied and murdered five of their white officers. Isolated incidents of this kind are not unknown in the history of other European countries which have meddled in Africa, but on the Congo the frequency with which native troops revolt and murder their officers points to something inherently rotten in the system by which King Leopold manages his vast African estate. The Congo Free State was brought into existence by the will of Europe, and it is becoming a serious question whether the European Powers will not find it necessary to inquire whether the burden King Leopold took upon himself has not proved too great for him and for the Belgians to support.

The Bar had its annual general meeting on Tuesday, and we notice without much surprise that these gatherings at Lincoln's Inn are becoming more and more a kind of debating society for the cranks of the profession. The Committee's report sets the example by containing nothing of real importance, and so we have great interest excited by such trivialities as the revival of the Order of the Coif, the formation of a club, and the questions of retainers and special fees. And yet everybody is agreed that the profession is

languishing and business dwindling, while no one is silly enough to imagine that the things talked about at the Bar meeting can have any effect on these facts. Does it occur to any of the Committee that a quicker, cheaper, and more rational procedure would do more for business in a year than all their reports are likely to do in a century?

Would it not be possible, for example, for the lawyers to suggest a remedy for the scandal of Mr. Brooks? Here we have a gentleman who goes through the Courts persecuting newspapers who have told the truth about him. He starts an action for libel, conducts his own case, is shut up by the judge and the jury as soon as they have heard his own account of himself, and then goes home with a "verdict for defendant with costs." It costs him nothing, for he represents himself; but it costs the successful newspaper a couple of hundred pounds or so, for Brooks has no means of paying. Surely it would be possible to ascertain legally the character of this worthy at less expenditure of time and money. Why should not the defendant be at liberty in such a case, when all the facts are already on record, to put down the case for immediate hearing before a judge at chambers? Brooks would then lose the excellent advertisement which he now gets from the publicity afforded by a solemn hearing in a full Court; and as publicity is his object—it is cheaper than writing begging letters—he would soon tire of a game that brought in no profit. Meanwhile, the Lord Chief Justice calls it a scandal, but nothing is done.

The visit of the Archbishop of York to Russia has been marked by the utmost cordiality on the part of the authorities both of Church and State. But it is easy to make too much of ecclesiastical hospitalities of this sort; and it is nothing less than absurd to see in Dr. MacLagan's reception the herald of closer intercourse between the English and the Russian Churches. The Archbishop's visit is a purely private one, and is in no sense official or representative.

Dr. Goulburn, who died on Monday, at Tunbridge Wells, was Dean of Norwich from 1866 to 1889. He was one of the last of the old-fashioned High Churchmen after the type of J. W. Burgon, in conjunction with whom he vainly attempted to prevent Dean Stanley from being chosen as Select Preacher at Oxford. Latterly he showed himself equally opposed to the new Oxford school represented by the essayists of "Lux Mundi." He was a most prolific writer, and some of his books of a devotional character have gone through a great many editions.

The great public schools of England, like many English public institutions, manage their affairs by compromises between tradition and expediency, and the results are singularly ludicrous. Every one knows that it became fashionable some years ago to include science in school curricula. Laboratories and museums were built, young men from Oxford and Cambridge were hired as science masters, and a gorgeous show was made in the prospectuses and time-tables. Headmasters could lay their hands upon their hearts and say that if England demanded science the headmasters of England would not fail her. However, science had no great value in the competitive examinations for which boys were trained, and it was thought sufficient to provide a nominal gratification for a sentimental demand. In the May number of "Natural Science" some curious information is given as to the methods of science teaching. At Winchester, Shrewsbury, Charterhouse, Tonbridge, and in part at Eton, Cheltenham, and Uppingham, the boys are arranged in the science classes according to their proficiency in all subjects. It may be taken for granted that the marks assigned to classics preponderate, and the striking result, of which we have heard independently from examiners, follows that a boy with a bent for classics is at once removed to the highest classes in chemistry or physics! The delightful inconsequence of the method may be realized by supposing it reversed. A boy labouring unsuccessfully at Cæsar has a turn for the alluring mysteries of

chemistry, and, leaving his companions blundering over the elementary properties of acids and salts, pushes on to quantitative analysis and the mysteries of organic chemistry. He is at once moved on from Cæsar to Tacitus and from Xenophon to Thucydides. Our contemporary hopes that the recent alterations in War Office regulations relating to the examination of candidates for the army will reform science teaching.

Evidence as to the identity of all vital phenomena in plants and animals accumulates. Some curious parallels occur in the diseases affecting the two kingdoms. Many of the excrescences that spoil timber by making it knotty and spoiling the grain are tumours resembling the cancers and outgrowths that distort the tissues of animals. The fogs of London affect many plants with a kind of dropsy. The layer of sticky soot blocks the pores of the leaves, and prevents evaporation of water from their surfaces. The roots, however, being untouched by the fog, continue to absorb water, and the tissues of the plant become distended until the plant may be absolutely killed. An English botanist has recently been studying the temperature of plants under abnormal conditions. When a plant has been wounded more or less seriously a marked rise of temperature occurs: the plant, in fact, is thrown into a state of fever. It would be interesting to know the exact meaning of this increase of heat. It may be that it is an indication of the increased vital activity necessary to repair the injuries. All increase of vital action, so far as we know, is attended with a rise of temperature. A thermometer placed in a hive of bees rises when in spring the bees begin to stir actively: similarly the temperature of the brain or of the liver rises when the activity of these organs is increased. On the other hand, the heat of fevers is frequently the result of the attacks on the body by intruding microbes. It may be the case that the wounds on plants enable microbes of disease to enter plant tissues, in the same fashion that microbes infest the wounds of animals. Perhaps we are to find the gardeners of the future taking the precautions of antiseptic surgery with their instruments for grafting and pruning.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE TRANSVAAL.

PRESIDENT KRUGER has opened the Volksraad with a conciliatory speech, and has decided to keep the Queen's Jubilee in a sympathetic fashion. The Volksraad has repealed the Alien, or Immigration Law as it is sometimes called, in accordance with the wishes of Her Majesty's Government, and has thus healed the one serious breach of the 1884 Convention. It is understood, too, that young Eloff has not been promoted, and that it is very doubtful whether he used the words attributed to him, whereas the trainer who began the row is noted for his drunkenness and foulness of speech. These events are, of course, interpreted in various ways. The supporters of Mr. Chamberlain regard them as proof that President Kruger will yield to a display of force and do all that the Colonial Secretary wishes in order to avoid a war with Great Britain. Others of us who do not trust Mr. Chamberlain blindly believe that President Kruger will go on acting as he considers right, and will not yield much to menace; that, in other words, the danger of using pressure is out of all proportion to the possible good that may result from it. Meanwhile, more and more troops are being drafted to the Cape; battery follows battery, and the well-informed assert that in three months we shall have 35,000 troops in South Africa. The English military authorities are all crying for war, and yet we hold with Sir Alfred Milner, who has just spoken for the first time in Cape Town, that "with moderation and good sense and a policy of firmness, patience, and temper, all difficulties may yet be satisfactorily, if not immediately, settled." De Coster, the Attorney-General of the Transvaal, may resign because he is not allowed to "score off" Mr. Chamberlain; but the old President was right when he said to the Dutch lawyer, "In case of war it will be we, Boers, and not you, Hollanders, who will have to do the fighting." President Kruger has abler counsellors at hand than Leyds or De Coster; he has Kotzé,

the Chief Justice who has served the Transvaal State faithfully and well for some twenty years.

In person Kotzé is a small man, firmly, even strongly, built. His head is large, with the extraordinary breadth of forehead that betokens, so the physiognomists say, great powers of reflection. His grey eyes are set far apart, and they are distinguished by a transparent lucidity and patience of regard—qualities that may explain in part his extraordinary reputation as a judge. For if we consider it, his reputation for fair-mindedness and clearness of insight is extraordinary in a land of bitter antagonisms. It is not too much to say that every one in the Transvaal, Boer and Outlander alike, accepts Kotzé's decisions with the assurance that they are honest and the probability that they will prove to be correct. The main incidents of his career can easily be remembered. Born of a distinguished Capetown family (his father represented Capetown in the House of Assembly and was twice mayor of that city), he came to London to study law in the Middle Temple, and as a student, we believe, won prize after prize. He returned to Cape Colony, and had only practised his profession for two years when he was offered the Chief Justiceship of the Transvaal by President Burgers. It is, we think, no small testimony to President Kruger's discernment that he should have confirmed Kotzé in the highest post in his gift, and it was not likely, as we said the other day, that after working together for twenty years these two men should have quarrelled finally. Yet there is no doubt that there has been a serious difference of opinion between the President and his Chief Justice. The President is a little autocratic and a little obstinate, and he regards the legislative decisions of his Volksraad as final, and binding even upon the judiciary. But there is a Grondwet or original Constitution of the Transvaal State, and Kotzé, as Chief of the High Court, claimed the right of rejecting those decisions of the Volksraad which seemed to him to conflict with the Grondwet. As every one knows, this is the position accorded to the Supreme Court in the United States. It rests with the Supreme Court to determine whether a law that has passed through the Legislature conflicts or not with the Constitution. In case the Judges of the Supreme Court hold that the law conflicts with the Constitution, the law is thereby abrogated, and the labours of Congress, Senate and President are rendered nugatory. But the framers of the American Constitution foresaw the deadlock that might result from this, and provided a way of escape. The Constitution can be altered in any particular by a three-fourths vote of the Congress and Senate, and such a modification of the Constitution has the same effect as any clause in the original document. The Grondwet of the Transvaal, however, contains no such provision, and consequently there was no way out of the *cul de sac*. But Kotzé and De Villiers, the Chief Justice of Cape Colony, framed a compromise which was accepted by the President and which is generally regarded as equitable. For the moment the High Court will not question the laws and resolutions of the Volksraad, provided that the Volksraad as soon as possible will establish the written Constitution or Grondwet upon a higher basis than any ordinary legislative enactment, and will provide also for a High Court independent in every sense of the legislative and executive authorities. Thus in a manner honourable to both parties a dispute has been settled which at one time threatened to become dangerous to the State. In spite of what has been said in the English Press about the Chief's "climb-down," we are informed on the best authority that the Chief Justice and the other Judges of the Transvaal are determined to achieve the entire independence of the judiciary, and from the President's speech on opening the Volksraad it is evident that Kruger will not oppose them. Boers and Britons have thus some guarantee for substantial justice.

We remember a talk with Kotzé a little over a year ago, in which the Chief predicted the coming disagreement and declared his conviction that the President would in time come to see the advisability of giving the High Court in the Transvaal much the same position as is accorded to the Supreme Court in the United States. In every particular this forecast has now been justified. A curious meditative mind has Kotzé, with a desire to

see every side of a question and a liking for even metaphysical arguments. After visiting the President we were walking away together when Kotté suddenly broke the silence with a question:—

"Do you agree with Kruger that it is righteousness that establishes a city?"

"Not too much righteousness anyhow," we answered flippantly, "but just a little more than one's rivals possess."

"I see," he said, "a comparative measure suited to the conditions of life's struggle. But surely that is practical Atheism." After a pause he went on, "I confess, as I grow older, Atheism seems to strip life of more than its illusions; it robs one of motive or incentive to right-doing and thus it may lead to wrongdoing and to comparative inefficiency in the struggle. Atheists may therefore be killed off while the believers survive."

"On the other hand," we replied, "one might contend that it is thought that leads to doubt, and that consequently the Unbelieving will be aided in the struggle by intelligence, and no one can deny that, in these days of scientific progress, pure intelligence is coming to play a larger and larger part in the struggle for existence, and therefore—"

"Yes," retorted the Chief, "but disbelief makes life poorer, reduces it to its simplest terms of brutality, and Darwin's Gospel teaches that life must grow richer, more complex, and so—"

Talking thus we came to the Chief's door, and went in to listen to one of his daughters play the Intermezzo of the "Cavalleria" on the violin, and she played excellently.

THE NEW WORKMAN'S CHARTER.

THE Government Bill for the compensation of workmen accidentally injured in the course of their employment follows the lines which we indicated last week. It avoids all the technicalities and fine legal points in which Mr. Asquith entangled himself four years ago, and simply lays down the principle that accidental injury to workmen is a trade expense to be guarded against if possible, and otherwise to be made good like any other accidental breakdown in machinery, plant, or works. It was a stereotyped reproach among the scientific Socialists of the 'forties that "wage slavery," as they called employment on competition and *laissez-faire* principles, was more cruel and heartless than plantation slavery; while it was the interest of the slave-owner to keep his "niggers" in good condition and fit for work as long as possible, it was the interest of the employer of free labour to use up his "hands" as quickly as possible, getting the maximum amount of work out of them in the minimum of time, and throwing them aside when maimed and useless. Like the other Socialist arguments, it had many weak points, but it contained enough truth to make us uncomfortable—as a fairly long series of Employers' Liability Acts testifies. All these aimed at facilitating the workman's legal remedy against his employer, in other words at giving him a right to bring a lawsuit. The lawyers and the agitators naturally approved of the system which piled up costs and created bad blood between the parties, but more far-sighted people saw that along that road there was no salvation.

Four years ago Mr. Asquith, the typical lawyer who has drifted into politics, wrecked his Bill rather than accept the Lords' amendment permitting mutual insurance as an alternative to the workman's right of action. "No free man must be deprived, even by his own act, of his legal remedy" was the sententious platitude on which this short-sighted policy was based; in platform jargon it was simplified into "no contracting-out." The right to spend fifty pounds on a lawsuit in order to recover forty was a sacred thing; to agree in advance with your employer to accept forty in case of accident and without a lawsuit was not to be tolerated. It was cheap, and therefore it struck at the lawyers; it promoted harmony and good feeling between employer and employed, and therefore it struck at the agitators; and Mr. Asquith and his party would have none of it. Judging by the tone of their speeches, we fancy they are sorry they took so high

and mighty a line, for a good Employers' Liability Bill might have helped to save them from the disaster that overwhelmed them in the following year: as it is, they have only given an opening to Mr. Chamberlain and the Government to score once more as the real pioneers of social and labour legislation. It is needless to say that some of the Tories and all of the old-fashioned economists do not like it; it is another "tax on capital." But we fancy that the ironmasters, colliery owners and railway contractors will soon adjust themselves to the new conditions. As for the workmen, it is a New Charter for them, the greatest boon conferred by Parliament since the Labour question began to trouble the constituencies.

Sir Matthew White Ridley's Bill is simplicity itself; it consists practically of only two clauses and two schedules. The first clause lays down the general principle that workmen in certain employments (fully defined in the second clause) are entitled to compensation (on a scale laid down in the first schedule) for "personal injury by accident arising out of and in the course of the employment." Questions as to the application of the Act, if not settled by agreement, shall be referred to arbitration (according to a scheme laid down in the second schedule). Finally—and this is the "contracting-out" sub-section on which no doubt a tough battle will be fought—employers who have established "schemes of compensation or insurance for the workmen in their employment" may, if the Registrar of Friendly Societies certifies that such scheme is "on the whole not less favourable to the workmen" than that provided by the Act, contract with any of his workmen that the provisions of the scheme shall be substituted for the provisions of the Act. The other points on which prolonged debate is likely to arise are the second clause giving the list of employments that shall enjoy the protection of the Act and the first schedule fixing the scale of such compensation. On the second the Government will probably have to stand firm, otherwise the discussion might be endless; but the list of employments is fairly open to debate and amendment. Indeed, Mr. Chamberlain in his speech on Monday night practically hinted that a certain widening of the lines of the Bill would not be unwelcome to him, and those who heard the remarkable speech in which he criticized Mr. Asquith's Bill in 1893 will not forget that he threw his mantle very wide indeed in his suggestions of protection and compensation. The Bill, of course, does not forbid a workman to claim his common-law right of action if he prefers that to the scale of compensation in the first schedule, nor does it shelter an employer from the civil and criminal consequences of any injury due to some wilful or wrongful act or default on his part, but we fancy the lawyers will not be left with much to do in this particular line of practice. The absence of machinery is probably the most surprising thing in the Bill to those who expected something modelled on the ponderous German code. There is no organized trade responsibility and no power of inspection by the trade associations. These are, no doubt, as Sir Charles Dilke pointed out, at the root of the German system, and there is very much to be said for them; but we think that, on the whole, and for the present at least, the Government were wise to make no attempt to introduce the German machinery into a country where we still prefer the individualistic basis, and where too much organization would probably be resented by both masters and men. It is a new experiment; and one that may prove to have many important developments. It is better therefore to begin tentatively and on a limited scale than to construct an elaborate machine which might all have to be taken to pieces again.

SAMORY.

OF the half-dozen "black Napoleons" who have carved out empires for themselves in Africa, not the least interesting is the Almami Samodu—or Samory, as he is called by the French—whose Sofas have at length come into conflict with a British force near to the northern boundary of our extended Gold Coast Colony. Since he was driven westwards from the Niger sources by successive governors of the French Soudan, Samory has made the town of Bonduku his headquarters, and

there was some rather wild talk at the time of our little war with Prempeh about an alliance between the Almami and his Majesty of Ashanti. As a matter of fact Samory has always professed a great desire to establish friendly relations with the British Government, and is believed to have more than once made overtures for placing himself under British protection—to the great annoyance of our excellent French neighbours, who have not hesitated to assert that the arms and ammunition which enabled the Almami to maintain his fighting strength came from one or other of the British Colonies on the Guinea coast. Samory is now probably about sixty-five years of age, and his career has been stuffed full of adventure. A Soninke or Malinke by birth, he was as a young man made a prisoner of war and became the slave of a powerful marabout named Fodé Mussa. Endowed with more than ordinary intelligence, he quickly gained great influence by his fervent devotion to religious duties, and on regaining his freedom proclaimed a Divine mission. His great physical strength, his resourcefulness and courage, marked him out no less than his religious enthusiasm as a leader of men, and it was not long before he was surrounded by a large following of devoted adherents and imposed his authority over a large tract of country.

The limits of Samory's dominions have never been very clearly defined. Indeed, they have varied from year to year. Since the early eighties, when Samory first came into contact with the French, he has carried on intermittent warfare with the European invaders, occasionally making treaties when very hard pressed, only to break them when the next dry season came, and he had collected a fresh army. Several Europeans have visited Samory at one or another of his armed camps; and one of his sons visited Paris during an interval of peace. Recently active hostilities with the French Colonial forces have ceased, but this is due not to the exhaustion of the Almami so much as to the weakness of the French, who have grown somewhat weary of pouring men and millions into the Soudan in an apparently interminable struggle with an opponent who is no sooner smashed and pulverized in one place than he turns up fresh and smiling in another. The whole of the Kong country, in the hinterland of the French Colony of the Ivory Coast, is now practically in Samory's hands, and he accordingly commands all the important trade routes into the interior.

We may have to wait for some time before it can be definitely ascertained if the collision between Samory's forces and Lieutenant Henderson's expedition near Wa is a mere frontier incident, or part of a deliberate design to take hostile action against the British authorities. But all we know of Samory negatives the latter assumption, and for a variety of reasons it is to be hoped that the despatch of the Hausas from Lagos to the Gold Coast does not mean that we are in for another West Coast expedition. Samory is strong in cavalry, and his followers have had frequent opportunities of opposing troops officered by Europeans. A campaign against the Almami would be no child's play from a military point of view; and politically there are strong reasons why a quarrel with him should be avoided. Theoretically Samory's country is within the French sphere of influence, and we have quite enough questions in dispute between ourselves and France in West Africa without adding to their number.

A COUNTY COUNCIL IMPROVEMENT.

THERE lies in Shoreditch an area of fifteen acres until lately covered with habitations unfit for the use of human creatures of higher condition than Ainus. In many of the places anything of the nature of a sanitary appliance did not exist, and in the places where such a thing might be found it was a mere reservoir of pestilence. Thirty-seven years ago even the condition of this neighbourhood was condemned at large in a building trade newspaper. Many rooms which were in reality cellars, damp and poisonous, and were called rooms solely because humanly occupied, were crowded with poor vicious creatures of the dirtiest, most neglectful and most neglected sort. The whole population was the worst in London, and, notwithstanding philanthropic effort, could scarcely hope to grow better in such a spot. The plan of the streets

and courts, and their situation relative to the main thoroughfares of the district, gave the place singular advantages as a residence for habitual criminals, and as a fact habitual criminals of the most hopeless sort made the active bulk of the population. They and their neighbours called the place the Nichol, and throughout East London the Nichol—more widely spoken of as “the back of Shoreditch Church”—was known as an Alsatia of forbidding record. It was plain that, given a responsible authority charged with metropolitan improvement, such an area must be marked for a speedy handling. Bethnal Green is no health resort, nor is it sparsely populated. Indeed the people there number 168 to the acre; but in the Old Nichol the number to the acre was 373. The death rate of the place, again (allowing, as one must, for the cutting off of those carried to infirmaries to die), was four times that of the rest of London—a simple fact that, by itself, should set officials about their duty, one would imagine, anywhere. More, the miserable dens, let out in separate rooms, brought sinfully extortionate rents—a matter that should have attracted, and did attract, the notice of County Councillors unfriendly to landlords as a class. To be perfectly fair, however, it may be well to interject here a warning that the nominal rent of rooms in very bad quarters is a sum very different in amount from that actually netted by the landlord. True, he spends very little on his property; but difficulty of collection and irregularity of payment so reduce his profits that, grind the poor as he may, he is uncommonly fortunate if he can pouch much more than a clear half of his stated rent, taking the year through. In fact, the landlords' rents of some few houses in the Nichol were quite moderate, the tenants playing middlemen and making large profits by letting out the single rooms at current rates. But this apart, the fact remains that far too much was charged for house-room of a very miserable sort. The state of affairs called for thorough measures, and it is creditable to the County Council that it did not hesitate to do the proper thing. It was no case for tinkering, and the complete clearance of the entire area was begun. In course of years, too, it was finished. To the ignorant onlooker the works seemed to move very slowly. The demolition of the old houses in successive small areas and the speedy erection of new on such spaces as fell vacant was plainly the wise course, if much misery and worse overcrowding than before were to be avoided, and this was the course which the Council appears to have directed. But in practice large patches lay vacant for many weary months, and even now, though it must be a year since the last of the old dens fell, a very large space remains uncovered. This, however, is perhaps by comparison a small matter, and may be due to hidden and unavoidable causes. The new houses, or a large number of them, have been built in wide streets of excellent plan, converging on an open space. The buildings are of the high “Peabody” description, as was inevitable in the circumstances, and they are furnished with many most excellent improvements. The unprofessional observer can find no fault with them, unless it be that the windows are a trifle smaller than they might have been made, though here the unprofessional eye may well be deceived. Members of the County Council who addressed their constituents before the work was begun promised that the thing should be done well, and their promise has been fulfilled. Incidentally these gentlemen took opportunity to abuse the landlords of the district and to condemn their extortionate rents, and they were quite right. Every possible improvement has been applied to the new dwellings, until one might expect the unaccustomed denizen to sit in bewilderment among the palatial appliances about him, doubtful how to use them. There are even special sheds for bicycles, though any inhabitant of the Old Nichol who ever possessed a bicycle—unless by way of larceny—would be hard to find. Truly the native of the Old Nichol might well sit in bewilderment in these new rooms, but he does not, because he is not there. For the improving zeal of the County Council stopped not at baths, automatic gas-meters and bicycle houses; being thorough, it went on to raise the rents. In the days of the extortionate slum-landlord the Nichol family could get some sort of shelter for three and sixpence a week.

Now, the noxious bloodsucker having been swept away, the Nichol family may pay the Council six shillings a week, or go—nobody knows where. The process is called "re-housing."

Five-and-ninepence and six shillings a week is charged for two-room tenements, and seven-and-sixpence for those of three rooms; and the money must be paid, for with the County Council the nominal rent and the actual payments are the same. Now, anybody who knows anything of the daily finance of the very poorest of London knows that such payments as these are for that class merely impossible and absurd. And, as a matter of fact, the tenants of the new buildings will, and do, come from a distance, and they are of a far superior class to the wretches dispossessed. It is, without a doubt, an excellent thing to give these people baths and bicycle sheds, but what becomes of the problem that the whole scheme was to solve? Round about the original Old Nichol were districts not so bad, but truly poor and crowded enough. As they were they might, in the bulk, have been tolerated, and no doubt would have improved in time. But now the displaced population has been forced outward into these districts, and to those acquainted with the spot it is a marvel and a mystery that they should have found shelter, no matter at what cost of overcrowding. These districts without were already over-full, and now—well, now another and a larger Nichol is in formation, that is all. The Nichol has been merely "moved on"; and a sum of £300,000 has been spent by the County Council in competition with the Artisans' Dwellings Companies.

It is said, of course, that cost must be considered, and that such expensive tenements cannot be let at lower rents with due regard to commercial principles. But the County Council has not always been over-particular in this respect, and if it really be bent on a first experiment in economy, there should be no great difficulty in finding another and a more profitable subject. It was a matter of simple necessity that an overcrowded and unwholesome neighbourhood should be cleansed, and the inhabitants re-lodged in decent dwellings. The decent dwellings have been built, but the people have been driven into a worse overcrowding than before. Yet the County Council is perfectly satisfied. It is admitted without question that the displaced people have not been provided for, but nobody seems to think it matters.

It is a fact that the old three-and-sixpenny tenement consisted of but one room, whereas the new six-shilling habitation has two. But what of that? Three-and-sixpence represented the extreme of the tenants' rent-paying capacity, and you could get no more out of him if you offered him Buckingham Palace. It is not considered "moral," I believe, to allow a family to occupy a single room. Anybody who really knows the actual life of a poor family in this country knows what nonsense can be talked on this matter; but that consideration may be set aside. The position is this. The London County Council takes a poor wretch by the collar and turns him and his family into the streets. It says, "You shall no longer live in this squalid place—I will provide you a new habitation. It shall be fitted with patent ventilators and a bicycle shed, and there will be two living rooms instead of one, which would be immoral. But lest you should abuse these privileges I will keep you off the premises by doubling your rent, and I will get me a decent tenant who could easily find a home elsewhere, if so minded. As for you, you may go live in a single room with some other family, and between you make the place twice as bad as this I drive you from; and you may be as immoral as you please—somewhere else."

So that when some future County Council at last turns to demolish another Nichol, hard by the site of the old one, many may be moved to ask if this rent-raising were sound finance after all.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

IN A MOORISH GARDEN.

THE RAIN THAT DELAYED.

FOR sixty days no rain had fallen, and the tourists said that the weather was glorious. So it was from their point of view, for one could scarcely expect

the stranger to see with the eyes of the natives, who watched day by day the grain as it dropped and turned yellow with an interest which little but a question of life and death could arouse. And death it would mean unless the never-changing blue sky clouded over. Their fear and anxiety gave place to depression, and the price of wheat and barley and millet rose—for any one who owned a small amount carefully kept it against the coming year. Distress and poverty, always so rife; became more acute than ever, and bulbs and the stems of the palmeto took the place of bread. But the tourists saw nought of this as they came and went upon the long stony road that leads to Cape Spartel; for the Moor hides his distress under a bushel, just as we flaunt ours before the world. And in the garden the hoe was put aside and the watering-can took its place, and from dawn till eve the tall, lithe figures of native gardeners passed and repassed, giving succour to the suffering plants, which hung their heads and refused to blossom as in other years. Only the geraniums flourished and covered themselves all over with masses of scarlet blossom; they grew and branched until the hedges seemed ablaze. But the roses hung their heads and strewed the ground with their fast-falling petals, and a coating of fine dust lay over everything that the watering-can could not reach. And the crops grew yellower and yellower, and no rain fell.

Then the pent-up woe in the hearts of the people rose in a great cry. Day by day the villagers, men, women and children, left their thatch huts and visited the tombs of the local saints, crying, "God have mercy upon us; God have mercy upon us!" And there on the hills, where some clumps of palmeto and a few whited stones mark the last resting-place of a saint, they stood and prayed. But no rain came.

So the townspeople, dressed in gala attire, and led by the sacred flags that hang in the mosques and tombs, went out to pray. Up the long narrow street of Tangier they passed, a line of white-robed figures, singing as they went. Over their heads waved the scarlet and green and gold-embroidered banners. Barefoot they went, the great men of the city and the merchants and the halt and the blind, out across the wide sôk, between the aloe hedge of the cemeteries, until the town was left deserted and solitary. Then they went up the rough paved track that leads to the tomb of Tangier's patron saint—Sidi Mohammed el Haj—until the procession was hid from sight amongst the lentiscus and wild olives, and nought could be seen of it but every now and again a peep of some waving banner. And the wind went round to the east and blew hotter than ever, and the drought increased.

The faces of the men and women in the country grew more and more sad, for hunger already gnawed at their hearts, and the future—they dared not think of it. The price of wheat and barley rose steadily. Every afternoon, led by the basha of the town, the people passed out to pray, barefoot and singing, but the hot east wind blew the flags to and fro as if in laughter and scorn. The tourists said the procession was very pretty and Oriental, and they hoped it would pass the windows of the hotel every day as long as they stayed. But one day a still hot silence reigned over the land, and the flags of the procession clung as if in fear to the poles, and not a breath of wind stirred. Far away from the town one could hear the singing of the people as they prayed.

Presently in the south a cloud no bigger than a man's hand appeared, and the hearts of the people stood still with anxiety. And the cloud increased and grew. The tourists said they feared it was going to be wet. Then night came, dark and dreary, and a south-west wind blew dolefully, stirring the leaves of the eucalyptus trees.

Just as dawn was approaching the rain commenced to fall; at first a few heavy drops, then more and more; until the pent-up deluge of heaven seemed upon us. During four hours it poured, and the sun rose upon a new world, gay and glorious, for the dust of many days was washed away, and the drooping crops raised their heads, and all the people went forth to work singing. For the rain that delayed had fallen.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

MAINLY CONCERNING GRIEG.

THE storm is breaking upon us in all its fury. I watch with amazement and terror an appalling pile of tickets that grows higher and ever higher. Where on earth all these pianists, fiddlers, whistlers, singers and what not come from, is a problem that defeats me. Some one seems to have picked up the continent of Europe and shaken it as a mat may be shaken, driving a dust of musicians from its surface, the which dust has settled on this England of ours, and most thickly on London. If only some one could invent a machine, on the principle of the ingenious device known as the carpet-sweeper, to pick up that dust again so that we could throw it into the air to be carried continent-wards by the next West wind that blew! But this is an idle fancy, not to say a cumbrous one; and the stern reality of heaven knows how many concerts per week is yet to face. And I may say at once that I do not intend to face it. There was a time when my duties were performed conscientiously; and the fact, like the rose that blooms in the desert, was unappreciated. I used to wend from concert-hall to concert-hall, for all the world as though I were paid, as some of the critics of the dailies are paid, at the rate of seven-and-sixpence per concert; I used to listen patiently to the inevitable Bach organ-fugue deranged, the Beethoven sonata, the batch of Chopin, the Schumann and Brahms pieces, and the final Liszt firework, and then proceed elsewhere and endure the same ordeal again; and having done this for six days I used to find that, with luck, two concerts had been inspiring enough to prompt me to write. But no one ever thanked me, or even paid me, for attending the concerts I did not, could not, write about—or, to put the thing the other way, no one blamed me or took anything off my salary if I missed some of them; and persistent discouragement has converted me, once the hardest working critic in London, into a shirker. And really, now that the opera is upon us (the season will open with unusual brilliancy on Monday night), it is too much to suppose that any one can waste his time in hearing many times per day for many days per week the same eternal programme played by more or less indifferent pianists. To point out that is the object of this opening disquisition. I want to dissuade any foreign artists who are meditating a descent on these shores from the attempt; and to persuade those who are here and have spent their cash on hiring a hall to seek a new type of programme and to cease from inflicting on wearied critical and public ears this weary Bach-Beethoven-Chopin-Liszt sequence. Every one will go to the opera on Monday, because 'tis fashionable so to do; no one dare miss the Mottl concert on Tuesday because we are to have a wonderful programme played by a mighty master of the orchestra. Those who have the temerity to stay away from the opera will certainly go to Mr. Dolmetsch's concert on Monday night; those who have time for two concerts per diem will not omit to hear Mr. Lamond on Tuesday afternoon. The other concerts will go for the most part unheard, unnoticed, simply because their givers have no particular claim to distinction as interpretative artists, and because they lack the sense to string together an unhackneyed programme.

One of the few concerts worth attending recently was Mr. Wood's of last Saturday afternoon. It was quite as exhilarating a function as the circumstances permitted. But, if the truth must be told, Grieg, delightful for a few minutes, becomes a trifle of a bore in a couple of hours. He is a musical minor poet—a real musician, a real poet, but none the less of the lesser sort, unmistakably minor. Everything he writes reveals a temperament, a sense of the picturesque, a flow of melody, a love of the dainty and delicately perfect, and, so to speak, an essential smallness almost amounting to pettiness. Analysed, this smallness resolves itself not merely into a lack of the greater elements of character—an absence of breadth of vision, of power of sustained thought, of profound feeling; but, besides these negative qualities, into what seems like a positive love of the small. He does not write grand sweeping phrases, and this is not odd: a great many people cannot write grand sweeping phrases: it is not an easy thing to do; but he actually seems undesirous

of writing grand sweeping phrases, of writing any other than small dainty ones. He prefers to write in the smaller forms; and if he writes in the larger form—if he writes a concerto, for example—he treats it as a series of details more or less independent of one another. He likes to write for the piano in preference to the orchestra; but when he writes for the orchestra he simply writes piano music: in fact some of his most popular things were first written for piano and afterwards arranged for orchestra. These facts alone would account for the weariness which a long dose of his music produces, for nothing is more tiring than a long series of scraps; but over and above that there is to be reckoned a perpetual sameness of flavour, the ceaseless predominance of a Scandinavian element. Grieg, as we all know, wishes to be a "national" musician—heaven help him! He seems first of all to have been a follower of Mendelssohn, and of Gade, who was Mendelssohn and water; then he met Nordraak, and, according to Mr. Newman's tame programmist, he himself is said to have written "The scales fell from my eyes; through him [Nordraak] I first learned to know the feelings of the people and of my own nature. We conspired against the effeminate Scandinavianism of Gade mixed with Mendelssohn, and with enthusiasm entered the new path, along which the Northern school is now travelling." So far the Northern school has travelled no further than the drawing-room, and has produced nothing better than drawing-room composers. Grieg himself, with all his prettiness and dainty little kitten ways, is a drawing-room composer, though far above the English variety. But there is no doubt that he has learnt the secret of distilling something of the essence of his national popular music into his own music; there is not a bar of his that has not this distinctive Norwegian flavour. But the flavour is everlastingly the same; and one can tire of it. Moreover, one always thinks of it as a flavour and easily realizes that the music into which it is infused is in reality as effeminate, as characterless, as un-national, as Gade or as Mendelssohn. The true national composers—for example, Weber and Wagner, Borodine and to an extent Tchaikowsky—did not infuse a flavour, always the same flavour, into their music: they were themselves truly national and they wrote music as full of character as their own countries and yet with the eternal variety of their countries' rocks and streams and woods and mountains. Grieg's compositions make one think of a confectioner's shop-window wherein are cakes of divers shapes and hues, but all heavily dosed with one flavouring.

This simile, however, is in one respect unfair to Grieg. A flavouring added to confectionery implies something sweet and sickly; whereas in the case of Grieg's music it is the musical basis which is sweet and sickly and the Scandinavian flavouring which is fresh, pungent and communicative of a sense of the open air. It is precisely the flavouring that saves it from being stuffy. Of pictorial effect Grieg knows little; of the trick of writing picturesque melodies he knows little more; yet the perpetual presence of Norwegian folk-tune, and its fragrance and freshness, actually seduce one into the belief that one is listening to music of the same sort as Wagner's, Weber's and Purcell's—of the same sort, though far less graphic, breezy and gloriously coloured. Yet skill, art, perhaps genius, are required to produce such work as the "Autumn" overture and the piano concerto and one or two things in the "Peer Gynt" music; and for my part I gladly recognize that Grieg has skill—of a kind; art—of a kind; perhaps even genius—also of a kind. The "Autumn" overture has not a touch of the wondrous incomprehensible beauty of the very finest music—it has nothing of the sheer beauty of Bach and Mozart; neither does it carry you up to the mountain tops and make you face the stinging north-easter and the bitter cold rain; but the incessant suggestions of wild folk-melody do unmistakably give one a sense of Nature's wildness, a sense of air and of trees and waters, and the inherent melancholy of the folk-melody adds a sober colouring to the picture, touches it with an autumnal sadness and gloom. The concerto is in some ways a much better piece of work. Of course its length exposes Grieg's weakness,

his lack of continuity and concentration. Yet there are passages in it which are, for Grieg, both lengthy and sustained; there are moments of something approaching real power. Moreover the slow movement is full of a rare dreamy passion, especially that Chopin-like repeated cadence. The finale is rather common, but lively, and good enough to end up a concerto. A word must be said about Grieg's scoring. I have often read about its wonders; and I have smiled the smile of the superior. Yet after all it is wonderful, though not quite in the way the ordinary musical reporter of the daily Press means. Grieg's music is essentially piano music; and Grieg's scoring of it is wonderful because he does manage to make it sound well on the orchestra, and because he makes it sound well in a peculiar way. Its peculiarity is that it perpetually suggests the piano while making full use of the orchestral colours, the result being a pleasing piquancy. But it may be noted that others have done this with Grieg's music, quite in the Grieg manner, and nearly as well as Grieg. The rather rubbishy Norwegian dances which Mr. Wood played last Saturday were scored by Hans Sitt, and had the music been worth scoring at all, which it is not, one could scarcely have distinguished between it and Grieg at his best.

Far be it from me to depreciate Grieg. While the Grieg boom raged I might possibly have underrated him; but it is long since over and forgotten, and my desire is only to criticize him fairly, thus rescuing him from the amateurs who write "criticism" in the dailies and make him ridiculous by comparing him preposterously with the gods of music. If we allow that he is a drawing-room composer of a fine sort (and let it be remembered that Chopin, at best, was only the prince of drawing-room composers), that his music is pretty and charmingly piquant, skilfully made and raised to the highest drawing-room level by its freshness and breeziness, that it does actually sometimes express mild human emotion, that within its extraordinarily narrow limits it has never been surpassed, then we have not only said as much of him as may justly be said, but given him a high place amongst musicians living and dead.

There is room only for half a dozen words about Mr. Lamond, whose second recital, to be given on Tuesday next, should be attended by every one who wants to hear piano playing of the great sort. At his first recital Mr. Lamond played better perhaps than he has yet in this country—there was more evenness, more actual beauty, more refinement of phrasing and accentuation, than he favoured us with on his previous visit. The Brahms sonata, Op. 5, has a goodly proportion of genuine music in it, and Mr. Lamond handled it with more sympathy than one would expect from a Wagnerite. His versions of Field and Chopin were also fine in Mr. Lamond's way—that is to say, big and broad and full of real feeling, and with an entire absence of drawing-room prettiness. Whether he will ever be insulted by popularity here cannot be guessed—though the exceptionally large audience on Tuesday rather surprised one—but it is certain that he is one of the first pianists in Europe. J. F. R.

"JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN."

"John Gabriel Borkman." A Play in Four Acts by Henrik Ibsen. English version by William Archer. Opening performance by the New Century Theatre at the Strand Theatre, 3 May, 1897.

THE first performance of "John Gabriel Borkman," the latest masterpiece of the acknowledged chief of European dramatic art, has taken place in London under the usual shabby circumstances. For the first scene in the gloomy Borkman house, a faded, soiled, dusty wreck of some gay French salon, originally designed, perhaps, for Offenbach's "Favart," was fitted with an incongruous Norwegian stove, a painted staircase, and a couple of chairs which were no doubt white and gold when they first figured in Tom Taylor's "Plot and Passion" or some other relic of the days before Mr. Bancroft revolutionized stage furniture, but have apparently languished ever since, unsold and unsaleable, among secondhand keys, framed lithographs of the Prince Consort, casual fireirons and stair-rods,

and other spoils of the broker. Still, this scene at least was describable, and even stimulative—to irony. In Act II., the gallery in which Borkman prowls for eight years like a wolf was no gallery at all, but a square box ugly to loathsomeness, and too destructive to the imagination and descriptive faculty to incur the penalty of criticism. In Act III. (requiring, it will be remembered, the shifting landscape from "Parsifal"), two new cloths specially painted, and good enough to produce a tolerable illusion of snowy pinewood and midnight mountain with proper accessories, were made ridiculous by a bare acre of wooden floor and only one set of wings for the two. When I looked at that, and thought of the eminence of the author and the greatness of his work, I felt ashamed. What Sir Henry Irving and Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Wilson Barrett feel about it I do not know—on the whole, perhaps, not altogether displeased to see Ibsen belittled. For my part, I beg the New Century Theatre, when the next Ibsen play is ready for mounting, to apply to me for assistance. If I have a ten-pound note, they shall have it: if not, I can at least lend them a couple of decent chairs. I cannot think that Mr. Massingham, Mr. Sutro, and Mr. William Archer would have grudged a few such contributions from their humble cots on this occasion if they had not hoped that a display of the most sordid poverty would have shamed the public as it shamed me. Unfortunately their moral lesson is more likely to discredit Ibsen than to fill the New Century coffers. They have spent either too little or too much. When Dr. Furnivall performed Browning's "Luria" in the lecture theatre at University College with a couple of curtains, a chair borrowed from the board-room, and the actors in their ordinary evening dress, the absence of scenery was as completely forgotten as if we had all been in the Globe in Shakespeare's time. But between that and an adequate scenic equipment there is no middle course. It is highly honourable to the pioneers of the drama that they are poor; but in art, what poverty can only do unhandsonely and stingily it should not do at all. Besides, to be quite frank, I simply do not believe that the New Century Theatre could not have afforded at least a better couple of chairs.

I regret to say that the shortcomings of the scenery were not mitigated by imaginative and ingenious stage management. Mr. Vernon's stage management is very actor-like: that is to say, it is directed, not to secure the maximum of illusion for the play, but the maximum of fairness in distributing good places on the stage to the members of the cast. Had he been selfish enough, as some actor-managers are accused of being, to manage the stage so as to secure the maximum of prominence for himself, the effect would probably have justified him, since he plays Borkman. But his sense of equity is evidently stronger than his vanity; for he takes less than his share of conspicuity, repeatedly standing patiently with his back to the audience to be declaimed at down the stage by Miss Robins or Miss Ward, or whoever else he deems entitled to a turn. Alas! these conceptions of fairness, honourable as they are to Mr. Vernon's manhood, are far too simply quantitative for artistic purposes. The business of the stage manager of "John Gabriel Borkman" is chiefly to make the most of the title part; and if the actor of that part is too modest to do that for himself, some one else should stage-manage. Mr. Vernon perhaps pleased the company, because he certainly did contrive that every one of them should have the centre of the stage to himself or herself whenever they had a chance of self-assertion; but as this act of green-room justice was placed before the naturalness of the representation, the actors did not gain by it, whilst the play suffered greatly.

Mr. Vernon, I suspect, was also hampered by a rather old-fashioned technical conception of the play as a tragedy. Now the traditional stage management of tragedy ignores realism—even the moderate degree of realism traditional in comedy. It lends itself to people talking at each other rhetorically from opposite sides of the stage, taking long sweeping walks up to their "points," striking attitudes in the focus of the public vision with an artificiality which, instead of being concealed, is not only disclosed but insisted on, and

being affected in all their joints by emotions which a fine comedian conveys by the faintest possible inflexion of tone or eyebrow. "John Gabriel Borkman" is no doubt technically a tragedy because it ends with the death of the leading personage in it. But to stage-manage or act it rhetorically as such is like drawing a Dance of Death in the style of Caracci or Giulio Romano. Clearly the required style is the homely-imaginative, the realistic-fateful—in a word, the Gothic. I am aware that to demand Gothic art from stage managers dominated by the notion that their business is to adapt the exigencies of stage etiquette to the tragic and comic categories of our pseudo-classical dramatic tradition is to give them an order which they can but dimly understand and cannot execute at all; but Mr. Vernon is no mere routineer: he is a man of ideas. After all, Sir Henry Irving (in his "Bells" style), M. Lugné Poë, Mr. Richard Mansfield, and Mr. Charles Charrington have hit this mark (whilst missing the pseudo-classic one) nearly enough to show that it is by no means unattainable. Failing the services of these geniuses, I beg the conventional stage manager to treat Ibsen as comedy. That will not get the business right; but it will be better than the tragedy plan.

As to the acting of the play, it was fairly good, as acting goes in London now, whenever the performers were at all in their depth; and it was at least lugubriously well intentioned when they were out of it. Unfortunately they were very often out of it. If they had been anti-Ibsenites they would have marked their resentment of and impatience with the passages they did not understand by an irritable listlessness, designed to make the worst of the play as far as that could be done without making the worst of themselves. But the Ibsenite actor marks the speeches which are beyond him by a sudden access of pathetic sentimentality and an intense consciousness of Ibsen's greatness. No doubt this devotional plan lets the earnestness of the representation down less than the sceptical one; yet its effect is as false as false can be; and I am sorry to say that it is gradually establishing a funereally unreal tradition which is likely to end in making Ibsen the most portentous of stage-bores. Take, for example, Ella Renheim. Here you have a part which up to a certain point almost plays itself—a sympathetic old maid with a broken heart. Nineteen-twentieths of her might be transferred to the stage of the Princess's tomorrow and be welcomed there tearfully by the audiences which delight in "Two Little Vagabonds" and "East Lynne." Her desire to adopt Erhart is plain-sailing sentimentalism: her reproach to Borkman for the crime of killing the "love life" in her and himself for the sake of his ambition is, as a *coup de théâtre*, quite within the range of playwrights who rank considerably below Mr. Pinero. All this is presented intelligently by Miss Robins—at moments even touchingly and beautifully. But the moment the dialogue crosses the line which separates the Ibsen sphere from the ordinary sphere her utterance rings false at once. Here is an example—the most striking in the play:—

ELLA [*In strong inward emotion*]. Pity! Ha ha! I have never known pity since you deserted me. I was incapable of feeling it. If a poor starved child came into my kitchen, shivering and crying, and begging a morsel of food, I let the servants look to it. I never felt any desire to take the child to myself, to warm it at my own hearth, to have the pleasure of seeing it eat and be satisfied. And yet I wasn't like that when I was young: that I remember clearly. It is you that have created an empty, barren desert within me—and without me too!"

What is there in this speech that might not occur in any popular novel or drama of sentiment written since Queen Anne's death? If Miss Millward were to introduce it into "Black Eyed Susan," the Adelphi pit would accept it with moist eyes and without the faintest suspicion of Ibsen. But Ella Renheim does not stop there. "You have cheated me of a mother's joy and happiness in life," she continues, "and of a mother's sorrows and tears as well. And perhaps that is the heaviest part of the loss to me. It may be that a mother's sorrows and tears were what I needed most." Now here the Adelphi pit would be puzzled; for here Ibsen speaks as the Great Man—one whose moral con-

sciousness far transcends the common huckstering conception of life as a trade in happiness in which sorrows and tears represent the bad bargains and joys and happiness the good ones. And here Miss Robins suddenly betrays that she is an Ibsenite without being an Ibsenist. The genuine and touching tone of self-pity suddenly turns into a perceptibly artificial snivel (forgive the rudeness of the word); and the sentence which is the most moving in the play provided it comes out simply and truthfully, is declaimed as a sentimental paradox which has no sort of reality or conviction for the actress. In this failure Miss Robins was entirely consistent with her own successes. As the woman in revolt against the intolerable slavery and injustice of ideal "womanliness" (Karin and Martha in "Pillars of Society") or against the man treating her merely as his sexual prey (Mariana in the recital of her mother's fate) her success has had no bounds except those set by the commercial disadvantages at which the performances were undertaken. As the impetuous, imaginative New Woman in her first youth, free, unscrupulous through ignorance, demanding of life that it shall be "thrilling," and terribly dangerous to impressionable Master Builders who have put on life's chains without learning its lessons, she has succeeded heart and soul, rather by being the character than by understanding it. In representing poignant nervous phenomena in their purely physical aspect, as in "Alan's Wife" and "Mrs. Lessingham," she has set up the infection of agony in the theatre with lacerating intensity by the vividness of her reproduction of its symptoms. But in sympathetic parts properly so called, where wisdom of heart, and sense of identity and common cause with others—in short, the parts we shall probably call religious as soon as we begin to gain some glimmering of what religion means—Miss Robins is only sympathetic as a flute is sympathetic: that is, she has a pretty tone, and can be played on with an affectation of sentiment; but there is no reality, no sincerity in it. And so Ella Renheim, so far as she is sympathetic, eludes her. The fact is, Miss Robins is too young and too ferociously individualistic to play her. Ella's grievances came out well enough, also her romance, and some of those kindly amenities of hers—notably her amiable farewell to Erhart; but of the woman who understands that she has been robbed of her due of tears and sorrow, of the woman who sees that the crazy expedition through the snow with Borkman is as well worth trying as a hopeless return to the fireside, there is no trace, nothing but a few indications that Miss Robins would have very little patience with such wisdom if she met it in real life.

Mr. Vernon's Borkman was not ill acted; only, as it was not Ibsen's Borkman, but the very reverse and negation of him, the better Mr. Vernon acted the worse it was for the play. He was a thoroughly disillusioned elderly man of business, patient and sensible rather than kindly, and with the sort of strength that a man derives from the experience that teaches him his limits. I think Mr. Vernon must have studied him in the north of Ireland, where that type reaches perfection. Ibsen's Borkman, on the contrary, is a man of the most energetic imagination, whose illusions feed on his misfortunes, and whose conception of his own power grows hyperbolic and Napoleonic in his solitude and impotence. Mr. Vernon's excursion into the snow was the aberration of a respectable banker in whose brain a vessel had suddenly burst: the true Borkman meets the fate of a vehement dreamer who has for thirteen years been deprived of that daily contact with reality and responsibility without which genius inevitably produces unearthliness and insanity. Mr. Vernon was as earthly and sane as a man need be until he went for his walk in the snow, and a Borkman who is that is necessarily a trifle dull. Even Mr. Welch, though his scene in the second act was a triumph, made a fundamental mistake in the third, where Foldal, who has just been knocked down and nearly run over by the sleigh in which his daughter is being practically abducted by Erhart and Mrs. Wilton, goes into ecstasies of delight at what he supposes to be her good fortune in riding off in a silver-mounted carriage to finish her musical education under distinguished auspices. The whole point of this scene, at once penetratingly tragic and irresistibly

laughable, lies in the sincerity of Foldal's glee and Borkman's sardonic chuckling over it. But Mr. Welch unexpectedly sacrificed the scene to a stage effect which has been done to death by Mr. Harry Nicholls and even Mr. Arthur Roberts. He played the heartbroken old man pretending to laugh—a descendant of the clown who jokes in the arena whilst his child is dying at home—and so wrecked what would otherwise have been the best piece of character work of the afternoon. Mr. Martin Harvey, as Erhart, was clever enough to seize the main idea of the part—the impulse towards happiness—but not experienced enough to know that the actor's business is not to supply an idea with a sounding board, but with a credible, simple and natural human being to utter it when its time comes and not before. He showed, as we all knew he would show, considerable stage talent and more than ordinary dramatic intelligence; but in the first act he was not the embarrassed young gentleman of Ibsen, but rather the "soaring human boy" imagined by Mr. Chadband; and later on this attitude of his very nearly produced a serious jar at a critical point in the representation.

Miss Genevieve Ward played Gunhild. The character is a very difficult one, since the violently stagey manifestations of maternal feeling prescribed for the actress by Ibsen indicate a tragic strenuousness of passion which is not suggested by the rest of the dialogue. Miss Ward did not quite convince me that she had found the temperament appropriate to both. The truth is, her tragic style, derived from Ristori, was not made for Ibsen. On the other hand, her conversational style, admirably natural and quite free from the Mesopotamian solemnity with which some of her colleagues delivered the words of the Master, was genuinely dramatic, and reminded me of her excellent performance, years ago with Mr. Vernon, as Lona Hessel. Mrs. Tree was clever and altogether successful as Mrs. Wilton; and Miss Dora Barton's Frida was perfect. But then these two parts are comparatively easy. Miss Caldwell tried hard to modify her well-known representation of a farcical slavey into a passable Ibsenite parlourmaid, and succeeded fairly except in the little scene which begins the third act.

On the whole, a rather disappointing performance of a play which cannot be read without forming expectations which are perhaps unreasonable, but are certainly inevitable. G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THERE is nothing new to report in the Money Market. Money is as cheap as ever, and there is every prospect of its remaining so; but the Bank rate is not likely to be further reduced so long as the foreign demand for gold continues. Japan has for the moment ceased her orders, but Austria is still a buyer, and the price of bullion remains higher than the amount represented by an equal weight of sovereigns. In the Stock Markets the war seems already to be almost forgotten. Foreign Bonds (especially Turkish issues) have been in good demand, and the "bulls" have renewed their attentions to Home Railway shares, all of which have appreciated considerably since we last wrote. The chief causes of the rise appear to be the scarcity of stock, the desertion of the Kaffir and American Markets, and the excellent traffic returns. For the four months of this year the North-Eastern Railway shows an increase of £63,933; the Midland, £120,819; the London and North-Western, £89,584; the Great Northern, £52,358; and the Great Western, £69,430. On Thursday, however, the advancing tide received a check. Apparently, the "bears" intend to make every use of the existing tension in South Africa, and have been circulating a variety of groundless rumours which have not failed of their intended effect. To us the pacific assurances of President Kruger and Sir Alfred Milner seem better worthy of attention.

Since we wrote last week about the proposed Watford, Edgware, and London Railway the financial prospects of the scheme have not brightened. One of the railways has been knocked out of the Bill, reducing the total length of the line to 6½ miles. To correspond, there has been a reduction in the capital asked for, but only

to the extent of £20,000, leaving the total share and borrowing powers at £300,000. We showed last week that under the original scheme it would be necessary for the Company to earn £82 per mile per week net in order to pay a 4 per cent. dividend. Under the revised scheme the necessary weekly profits must amount to £92 per week, which a comparison with the earnings of other lines, in more favoured districts, shows to be a practical impossibility.

The revenue statement of the Grand Trunk Railway for the first three months of this year must be considered satisfactory and speaks well for the efficiency of the present management. The reduction in expenditure throughout the whole system for the three months amounts to £41,806, or nearly 5 per cent. as compared with the corresponding period of 1896, while the gross receipts show a decrease of only £1,380; so that the net profit of £203,800 for the three months is an improvement of no less than £40,426. The reduction of expenses on the main line works out at about 3 per cent.; that on the Detroit and Grand Haven branch is insignificant; but on the Chicago and Grand Trunk branch a saving of fully 13 per cent. has been effected. As the deficiency in net revenue for the first half of 1896 was £82,000, it will be seen that about half of this has already been wiped out, and there is a fair prospect (notwithstanding the apparently discouraging returns for April) that the worse half of the Grand Trunk year will close with no appreciable deficiency in fixed charges. This desirable result will have been brought about by a multiplicity of small and judicious economies, all of which have been effected without in any way starving the line. Stockholders have already good reason to feel thankful for the appointment of Mr. Hays as manager and for the changes made in the personnel of the Board.

In continuance of our remarks of last week on the position of Uruguay, we find that the Customs receipts for the five months ending March last have fallen to the extent of \$1,159,589, and when the Uruguay financial year closes next June, this decrease will probably have reached \$2,000,000. How it is possible to avoid raising a further loan we are unable to understand, and our opinion is further confirmed by the "Times" correspondent at Uruguay, who states that a new loan will be issued and guaranteed upon all the extraordinary revenue of the State. This loan will, we are told, enable the Government to meet all internal and external engagements without interruption. The one gleam of light is that all the railways have received their guarantees from the Government. The latest Customs return (that for March) shows a decrease of \$374,950, and we do not wonder that investors are fighting shy of the Uruguay Three and a Half per Cents, which are now about 3 points below the lowest price touched in 1896.

We note that the revenue of Western Australia for April was £237,960, as compared with £181,015 for the corresponding month of 1896; a remarkably favourable result in view of the temporarily depressed state of the mining industry. Indeed, the revenue from that source for April was only £14,864, a decrease of £12,854 as compared with the same month of last year. The most important increase is in railways, which have yielded £90,394, as against £45,308; and stamps show a small increase, although the postal and telegraph receipts are £80 less.

The report of the New Primrose Gold Mining Company just issued shows a very satisfactory result for the eighteen months ending 31 December, 1896. During that period 406,994 tons of ore were crushed, yielding 117,100 oz. of smelted gold, or an average of 5.72 dwts. per ton, while 252,395 tons of tailings treated by cyanide yielded in addition 61,716 oz. of smelted gold, or an average of 4.92 dwts. per ton. These results represented £618,570, and £3,193 was received for rents, &c. The expenditure was £471,081, leaving a balance of £150,682 net profit on the eighteen months' working. To this must be added the £75,000 realized in the shape of premiums on the new issue of 20,000 shares last August, so that in all £225,682 has

been placed to the credit of profit and loss, and the directors are enabled, after writing off £43,558 for depreciation, &c., to carry forward a balance of £255,887. Out of this sum a dividend of 20 per cent. has been declared. In view of the serious labour difficulties with which the Company, in common with all other mining companies on the Rand, has been confronted, the shareholders have every reason to congratulate themselves on the report. In our opinion the Company is quite the best of Mr. Barnato's promotions.

The financial position of the East Rand Company is said to be becoming desperate, and it is to be feared that £250,000 will scarcely be enough to satisfy its immediate needs and those of its subsidiary undertakings. For the Angelo mine £95,000 is said to be wanted; for the New Comet, £45,000; and for the Driefontein, £45,000. There is little doubt, too, that four of the mines, including the Modderfontein, must be shut down very soon. Altogether it is impossible to congratulate the shareholders on the outlook, although the chairman, who has just come to England for the purpose of raising further funds, professes himself to be still sanguine of eventual success.

The Indian mining results for April are particularly good. The Mysore return has now got into five figures, 10,014 oz. having been crushed, or an increase of 333 oz. on the output for March, and this Company is able to show an average yield of 1½ oz. to the ton. Champion Reefs are, however, still ahead with 10,159 oz., an increase of 153 oz. The return of the little Coromandel mine, with 1,105 oz., is also good. The other Indian mines give evidence of continued improvement; and, as the market is actively supported, we anticipate a further rise in the prices of the best securities.

The metamorphosis of the caterpillar is an interesting spectacle in natural life: hardly less interesting to the student of political life is it to watch the conversion of the "Times" from Cobdenism to sanity. And, just as the transition time of the chrysalis is, we imagine, productive of awkward preliminary movements on the part of the forthcoming butterfly, so the "Times," as a dignified exponent of logical political economy, is not quite at its best in these days. For instance, last Tuesday it essayed its congratulations to the Empire on Mr. Laurier's determination to drive a buggy and pair through the Belgian and German commercial treaties. It was the treading of new ground for the "Times," but it got along very creditably through the first column; it had, however, no sooner got under way with the second than the old leaven came seething up, and thereafter the "Times" was very mixed. Thus:—"This argument leaves wholly out of account the Free-trade view that, by the lowering of prices in Canada, consequent upon an even partial opening of the ports, population is likely to be attracted across the American border, trade will be brisker, settlement more extended, and occupation consequently more general and more profitable." What does it all mean?

We had always thought that the United States had attracted the big population, and there is not much opening of ports—even partial—in her economy; while as for the "more general and more profitable" occupation, we do not even yet see how State-aided foreign competition is going to boom that extensively. Nor does the "Times" show quite a pedantic accuracy when it speaks of the Canadian proposal as "a return for generous treatment received." We have dug diligently in our memory for recollections of that generous treatment, but our labour has not been very profitable.

The second act of the Dingley tariff farce will be played on 18 May and following days. The Finance Committee of the Senate has reported the Bill with unexpected promptitude, and, as we anticipated, the obnoxious retroactive clause has been definitely rejected. Since Mr. Dingley's object—the curtailment of imports—in including this clause in the measure has met with

about as much success as he himself could have expected, we are not likely to hear any more about it. As a fact, the rejection of the clause was decided upon more than a week ago at the instigation of Senator Vest, the Republican members of the Committee agreeing that if it were not struck out they would present an amendment making it nugatory. The whole Tariff Bill as it stands to-day would scarcely be recognized by its progenitor. It has yet to go through the Senate. In that august and wise assembly the unexpected has a way of happening, so it would be unsafe to prophesy that the measure will not undergo still further modification, or, indeed, that it will not be transformed back into a Dingley Bill.

It is very pretty to see the Senate Finance Committee acting the part of saviours of society; but the Senate itself is made of other stuff. It has too many local and private interests to consider, and for this reason scarcely a member can be regarded as bound to follow his principles, be he Republican or be he Democrat. The members of the Finance Committee are not always above this reproach; but this time they seem to have been more for the State than for a party. The most uncertain quantity just now is the Populist element. The Senate, with two vacancies now existing, contains 42 Republicans and 46 members of all other parties. Populists or Silver Republicans number 11, and if they refrain from voting, as they did in the House of Representatives, the Republicans will have matters all their own way. They will probably aid rather than oppose the Bill, for they have convinced themselves that the best way to promote the cause of free silver coinage and Government paper money is to permit the Republican party to carry out its fiscal policy without serious obstruction. Their theory is that this policy will fail to restore business prosperity, and that the result will be a revulsion of feeling in favour of free silver rather than in favour of Free-trade. The situation is extremely interesting, and European manufacturers who are busy on American account have the satisfaction of knowing that it is doubtful if the new tariff will come into operation even on the first day of the coming fiscal year, 1 July.

Meanwhile, it may be noted that the Senate Committee, recognizing that the Dingley Act cannot bring about the much-desired readjustment between income and expenditure, has included among its amendments two that were suggested by the Democrats before the introduction of the Dingley Act—a duty for revenue only of 10c. per lb. on tea, and an increase of 44c. per barrel on the internal tax on beer. It is probable that these alone, if finally passed, will be able to wipe out from one-third to one-half of the deficit. Besides, they are reasonable impositions in the circumstances, and certain to be effective. On the basis of the import during the fiscal year 1896, the tea duty should bring in \$9,500,000, while the increase in the beer duty should mean over \$30,000,000. Unfortunately, the beer interest is powerful in the Senate and out of it.

Consular complaints of the apathy of British manufacturers are no new thing. Unhappily, they appear to be more numerous. During the last week or two we have been treated, in the Foreign Office trade reports, to quite a flood of these complaints. The Secretary of the British Legation at Lisbon points out that the British share of the imports into Portugal is now only 27½ per cent. as compared with 51 per cent. in 1875. In the same period the German proportion has risen from 2¼ to 11¼ per cent. Our Consul at Trebizond tells us that we are being "slowly but surely" pushed out of the markets of Turkey in Asia by the Germans and Austrians. The goods of these two rivals are intrinsically inferior, but they look as good and are lower in price. Our manufacturers, he adds, would do well to adapt themselves more freely to the modern method of canvassing for customers by sending out commercial travellers, appointing local agents, furnishing sample goods, and accepting not only large but small orders. The same lesson is rubbed in by our Consul at La Rochelle, who says "it is necessary to have travellers who are not only in close touch with the retailer but also with the manufacturer, so that the

goods will be supplied as they are wanted, in the smallest quantities and at the lowest possible prices." In Peru British trade still occupies the foremost place, but our Consul at Callao says that the efforts made by foreign competitors to assail this position are so persistent that British manufacturers would do well to pay the greatest attention to the requirements of the local market if they wish to maintain their preponderance. German and French competition has made itself felt in the matter of light, portable railway plant; and as for tools—boring, carpenters' and builders' tools—merchants in Peru prefer applying to the United States for these articles on account of neatness of make, cheapness and mode of packing.

We understand that a Bill has just passed the Roumanian Chamber of Deputies empowering the State to lend money to peasants who wish to buy land to the extent of 24 acres, the loan to be repaid by annual instalments extending over thirty years. This, it is stated, will tend to break up the larger estates, which cover some 2,000,000 hectares, or about one-sixth of the whole extent of the country. The remaining available land is held in smaller properties of about five or six hectares each. As there is no *Crédit Foncier* to afford facilities for the transfer of real estate, the inability of the peasantry to purchase hitherto can be readily understood. Apparently the State has now embarked upon a vast expropriation of land scheme, result being the issue of 1,200,000,000 francs in bonds, and the practical rearrangement of the classes of the country into two—those of trader and small landholder. It remains to be seen how this huge experiment in Socialism will suit the genius of the peasantry of Roumania.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

SCHWEPPE'S, LIMITED.

An announcement of more than usual interest is the formation of Schweppe's, Limited, with a capital of £950,000, divided into 300,000 Five per Cent. Preference shares, 300,000 Seven per Cent. Ordinary shares, and 350,000 Deferred shares. The promoter is the indefatigable Mr. E. T. Hooley, whose enterprising genius must already have brought some 25 millions of public capital into the various undertakings with which he is associated. Whether it be the case, as some aver, that he is contemplating the issue of a Company for the supply of ready-made brandies-and-sodas and whiskies-and-sodas we do not know; but for the present, at any rate, he contents himself with offering plain soda-water to the public, and we need have no hesitation in advising the public to accept the invitation. The purchase price of 1½ millions sterling compares very favourably with the price of 3½ millions asked recently for Apollinaris and Johannis, and we shall be greatly surprised if the shares do not speedily rise to a good premium. It appears that in 1894 over 18½ millions of bottles of Schweppe's soda-water were sold; in 1895 the number rose to nearly 20½ millions; and last year it exceeded 22 millions. There has been a corresponding increase during the same period in the profits, which have risen from £47,217 in 1894 to £53,654 in 1895, and to £56,068 in 1896. The prospectus states further that the business already has ample working capital, and that the £10,000 Reserve Fund of the old Company will belong to the new Company. There seems good reason to think that the directors' anticipation of "a considerable addition to the profits" will be justified; but, even taking the average for the last three years (£51,647) we notice that after paying £12,000 for interest on the Debentures, and £15,000 for dividend on the Preference shares, there will remain £24,647 for distribution among the Ordinary and Deferred shares, which is more than sufficient to pay the 7 per cent. Preferential dividend on the former. The Deferred shares, of course, constitute a speculative investment, their attraction being that they will be entitled to three-fourths of whatever balance is available after payment of a seven per cent. dividend all round. Mr. Hooley shows his confidence in the undertaking by agreeing to accept as much of the purchase money in shares as the directors

may desire. We think he is right, and that those who obtain an allotment will have good cause to congratulate themselves. Indeed, there is not any doubt that the capital will be largely over-subscribed.

THE GLOBE CASHIER, LIMITED.

This Company is promoted with a capital of £200,000 in 200,000 £1 shares (half of which are now offered for subscription), for the purchase and development of the patents relating to an automatic "cashier," which consists of counter till, coin-sorting apparatus and change distributor, and which was recently exhibited with considerable success at the Agricultural Hall. The purchase price is fixed at £150,000, leaving £50,000 for working capital. The Company appears under good auspices, and we understand that it will be well supported in the market.

FOLIES BERGÈRE AND SCALA, LIMITED.

It is really very ungrateful on the part of those numerous Englishmen who make a point of visiting the "Folies Bergère" and "La Scala" whenever they go to Paris not to have responded more handsomely to the invitation to become proprietors of those highly respectable places of entertainment. The result of their apathy will be, we fear, that the Company will not be floated at all; and those enterprising gentlemen who have only been asking a modest £215,000 for properties for which they are said to have paid £120,000 to the original vendor will be reduced to seek excitement in the action for slander which Mr. Fleming, Q.C., the promoter and managing director of the Company, is said to be bringing against a prominent firm of London brokers who declined to have anything to do with the promotion.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

INDIANS.—We have been carefully investigating the matter, and will make extended reference to it next week.

OTHRYS.—We consider it a very fair investment.

R. S. (Bournemouth).—No; the whole thing is a fraud, and we advise you to have nothing to do with it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GREECE AND FREEDOM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

FONTAINEBLEAU, 19 April, 1897.

SIR,—You have allowed me to speak to your readers upon subjects within the sphere of my proper vocation, often anonymously, sometimes above my signature. Will you allow me now a little space for words which, in prudent England, weighing my future, I might not write, but which here, in a land where freedom does not coquette with the respectable conventions, here in the heart of the spring-tide forest where all nature is an obsession of the right to grow, must be written? I have not seen English journals for several days, but in the exiguous foreign columns of the French press, and from the lips of soldiers shouting in the cafés, I learn that there is war in the East. The half-dozen gentlemen who have imagined themselves directors of elemental forces have had the curtain rung down on their farce called "The Concert of Europe" before we have known rightly whether to applaud or to hiss. There remains the arbitrament of war, and the war is not only between two peoples but between two ideas. Between the peoples there is little to choose: it is no doubt natural that we, a commercial nation, should assert our detestation of the scheming, cozening Greeks, riggers of the market, usurious exploiters of other nations, and should inflate our admiration of the valorous, impracticable Turks. But Turk or Christian, man of the world or tradesman, it is not our personal qualities, but the idea lifting us beyond them, that have value in international conflicts—in the struggle between species. He would be a poor creature who should prefer, from the point of view of qualities, the Puritan to the Royalist, the Covenanter to the Imperialist, the Federal to the Confederate, the halfling Raider to the sturdy Boer, the crafty Greek to the impassive Turk; and yet in each case not amicable

qualities, but obsessing, infuriating ideas that did triumph or that will triumph. In the case of the Transvaal, as may be in the case of Greece, the follies of diplomacy may postpone the settlement until a bloodier issue comes. But the greater strength of the will to live, the mightier force of expansion, the realization in the individual of the movement of which he is a part, are the forces ultimately irresistible. So far as one unskilled in what are called politics can see, only two of the great nations are sufficiently practised in individual freedom to respond to vibrations of freedom, irrespective of the confusing perturbations of commercial advantage. England, who, supporting a monarchy, pretends to less freedom than she has, and France, who, flaunting a republic, boasts more individualism than a corporate nation could have, are alike and distinct from all other nations in this: they are attuned to a clamorous, vehement sense of freedom that, transcending immediate advantage, gains everything by daring everything. All the materials are present; there are wanting only leaders of all nations who shall blow two peoples into one flame of freedom, a flame at first generous and disinterested, burning only the enemies of Greece, afterwards surrounding United France and England with a wall of fire that shall cut through the despotisms of Europe.—Yours, &c.

P. CHALMERS MITCHELL.

MR. A. T. Q. COUCH AND THE NAVY LEAGUE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As one of the founders of the Navy League and the author of the very "Meaning of Defeat" which Mr. A. T. Q. Couch has criticized so severely in the pages of the "Pall Mall Magazine," allow me to protest in your columns against his unjust and unjustifiable attack on the Navy League for circulating what he is pleased to call the "literature of panic." The "Meaning of Defeat" was written at a time when a foreign alliance was outbuilding us in battle-ships. It was a deliberate attempt to arouse the British people to a sense of the danger which any diminution of our material supremacy would involve. It showed how much we stood to lose if we neglected our navy. An appeal to the fears of the public was not inexpedient when appeals to other less powerful emotions appeared to have failed. On the battlefield as in the sphere of politics it is fear, even more than the hope of profit and reward, which carries men forward. Those who have read Hœnig, Wilkeson, the Baroness von Suttner and our old instructions for "preparing for battle" must be well aware of this. England does not educate her citizens to high conceptions of duty; neither in Board school nor in Public school nor in University is it taught that a man's first duty is to his country, his second to himself. And thus the advocates of a strong navy are driven back on the appeal to fear. By demanding more ships and men the Navy League is not depressing the *morale* of a great nation. There is no merit in refusing to look ahead, or in shutting our eyes to the contemplation of possible dangers. That is what France and the French Press did persistently before 1870. Courage was to do everything: material, training, science were neglected. Sedan was the inevitable result.

Nor, *pace* Mr. Couch, has the Navy League exalted material at the expense of moral strength. It has always preached ideals of duty rather than comfort: it has striven to awaken Englishmen of all ranks and degrees to some sense of the things which are above. It has held up Nelson to the nation as a man who embodies the ideal of duty and represents the culminating glory of our navy. At every turn it would kindle national enthusiasm. It has worked in England and the Colonies, and already the seed it has so painfully sown is beginning to bear fruit. Of all its pamphlets only two can be called—even by Mr. Couch—"the literature of panic."

Mr. Couch quarrels with me for quoting "Plus d'Angleterre," which is—for does not he assert it in his literary *causerie*?—"a fourth-rate squib . . . certainly of less calibre than 'Ginx's Baby.'" I should greatly like to know whether Mr. Couch has even seen the book

which he criticizes with this splendid off-handedness. If he has seen it, he must be aware that it represents the aspirations of the French Colonial party—union with Germany and Russia against England and a policy of maritime expansion as opposed to "la revanche"—and that, for this reason, it possesses a very distinct importance and significance. Mr. Couch may not have studied Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's analyses of the tendencies of French and German policy, or the warnings of statesmen such as Sir Charles Dilke. Doubtless he trusts to his own inspiration.

Will Mr. Couch, finally, condescend to enlighten us in our propaganda and tell us how to "commemorate heroic deeds" otherwise than we are commemorating them by holding before the public the example of Nelson, by working continuously at naval history, and constantly reproducing in our "Journal" splendid instances of British valour? Will he tell us how to cultivate "a wide-eyed intelligence of the moral and material advantages of naval strength"? I do not gather that he has as yet given us this excessively valuable information which he appears to possess; and as he is a patriot he will surely not grudge it us.—I am, Sir, yours &c.

H. W. WILSON,

Honorary Editor of the "Navy League Journal."

TINPLATE WORKMEN'S DISTRESS AND AMERICAN "PROTECTION."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

GLANRHEDY, NEAR SWANSEA.

SIR,—Some time ago you called attention to the deplorable condition of the tinplate trade in South Wales. Many important works are now closed and thousands of "tinplaters" idle and almost starving. You are no doubt aware that the first cause of all this is that under an enormously protective tariff America has robbed Wales of the manufacture of $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions of boxes of tinplates per annum—over 200,000 tons. The new American President proposes to add still more to this prohibitive tariff, and he enlarges on his desire to increase reciprocity treaties with other countries. England alone is in the sad position of having *nothing to give*, and therefore is deprived of the advantages of reciprocity. I am not writing against "Free-trade"; but taking the world as it is, I say it is unfortunate we have nothing to give for which we could demand reciprocal treatment.

Lord Salisbury addressed the Chambers of Commerce in London not long ago, and Mr. Craig Brown complained that the young men of our Foreign Office did not open more ports for our commerce in foreign lands. Lord Salisbury remarked in reply that the young men had no guns to use, that they were disarmed to an extent unknown by the diplomatists of any other country. What did all this mean? That as all the nations (republics included) of the world had adopted "Protection," and we adhered to "free imports," we have given away our means of fighting.

Our corn lands have gone out of cultivation; we might be starved in a fortnight unless our ships are always able to sweep the oceans, and we must spend out of taxes 16 millions a year to keep up our fleet! Not many months ago, in consequence of short crops abroad, "corners" and rise in freights, wheat rose so enormously that we had to pay 5s. a quarter more than if we had a 5s. duty, and consequently our corn lands were in full cultivation. I mean that with a duty of 5s. our people would have got their loaf of bread cheaper than they did under "free imports," and we should not be frightened when we hear of a Continental Power building a few ironclads. The complication from "freights" may arise at any time, and what has recently happened should certainly open our eyes as to what might occur in time of war.

Our local members of Parliament have remained speechless during this destruction of our tinplate trade, and our poor people have suffered in silence. Sir J. J. Jenkins, Mr. Brynmor Jones and Mr. D. Randell all represent tinplate constituencies, and they have kept silence. At any rate, the House of Commons should be made to understand what we are suffering from want of reciprocity.—Yours truly,

ARTHUR GILBERTSON.

THE KINGFISHER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4 May, 1897.

SIR,—I am sure that Sir Charles Dilke is right in saying that the kingfisher is not so scarce as it was a short time back. The increase has been during the last two years. The bird was almost annihilated by the terrible frost of January and February, 1895; and no wonder, for it had been reduced by constant persecution to an insignificant remnant; and for five or six weeks the watercourses were all frozen over throughout the length and breadth of the land, the cold being so severe as to kill the hardy furze down to its roots in most districts. Probably the only kingfishers that survived were those that migrated to the sea-coasts at the beginning of the intense cold. After the big frost I spent some months in tramping through Somerset and Devon, visiting a great many streams, always on the look-out for the kingfisher; but not one did I see, and the almost invariable answer to the inquiries I made was that the kingfisher had not been seen after the frost. There have since been two exceptionally favourable years, long bright summers and mild winters, and the birds have multiplied. During the last twelve months a good many kingfishers, in pairs and singly, have visited the ornamental waters in several of the London parks. But though happily increasing, the bird is still scarce; and on the Thames my experience is that it is a rare thing to meet with one anywhere above Hurley.

I may add that the eggs of the kingfisher are now protected in thirty-four counties; but, unfortunately, with the exception of Middlesex, the counties that lie along the Thames above London have not yet applied the Wild Birds Protection Act of 1894 to this species. I am, yours obediently,

W. H. HUDSON.

"THE AGE OF WORDSWORTH."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

ABERYSTWYTH, 21 April, 1897.

SIR,—I should like, with your permission, to notice a few statements in your review of my "Age of Wordsworth," which tend, as they stand, to produce misconceptions undesigned, I am sure, by my not unfriendly critic. His chief complaint is that I have neglected the real clue to the literature of this period—viz. pre-contemporary and contemporary history; and that, in consequence, my work is devoid "of all unity," and consists of "little more than notes and remarks on particular authors." The most perfect harmony becomes chaos if you insist on reading it in a wrong key, and my critic accuses me of throwing unity to the winds because the unity which every page and every sentence of the book is controlled by an endeavour to attain is pursued from another standpoint than his own. My fault, in short, is to have paid scant tribute to that sounding commonplace of the Debating Society and the Extension Lecture, "The Influence of the French Revolution upon the Romantic Revival." But the fault was committed with all deliberation. I am assuredly not alone in the view that the literature of the Romantic Revival owed to the stimulus of that great upheaval many of its loudest and most strident tones, certainly, but little directly of its most significant, penetrating and deathless speech. However final and adequate the Revolution may be, to use my critic's instances, as an explanation of "Godwin, Malthus, Paine, Mary Wollstonecraft," its influence was for Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley a source of crude though noble enthusiasms, in which the springs of the highest poetry of none of them really lay. The Revolution does not carry us very far in the explanation of "Tintern Abbey," or of the "Ancient Mariner," or even of "Prometheus Unbound." Doubtless a common term is to be found, but it lies not in the Revolution itself, but in the kindling ideas of which the Revolution was to flame, in the quickening thought of Rousseau. To trace the various transformations of that thought in the complex phenomena of later Romanticism, which is the controlling aim of my book, may or may not be a better mode of bringing order into the vast

literature of the Age of Wordsworth than a minute attention to the decrees of Robespierre or the campaigns of Napoleon; it is at least something other than to produce a series of "notes and remarks upon particular authors."

I should like to add a word upon two or three particular points:—

To dispute about inclusions and exclusions, or about the due proportion of space assigned to each writer, is usually profitless. But when my critic says that "C. J. Wells has the honour of occupying almost as much space as Carlyle," he seems to convict me of a really gross sense of relative magnitude. It would surely have been fair to add that I deal here only with the young Carlyle of the early Essays. Again: "To tell us that Shelley and Milton seem to blend in such lines as

'The waves

Of sulphur bellow through the deep abyss'" is a statement which says little for Professor Herford's ear for rhythm." But rhythm was not in question; and in the imagery of the lines it will hardly be denied that a Shelleyan appeal to the eye mingles with the palpably Miltonic appeal to the ear. Finally, my critic finds the treatment, among others, of the "influence of German literature upon English" very inadequate. Had I been reviewing my own book I could have made out a good case for convicting the author of having dragged in the influence of German literature in quite disproportionate measure. I should be honestly grateful if my critic would enlarge his remark on what is to me one of the most fascinating aspects of the entire period.

C. H. HERFORD.

[It is difficult to argue with a writer who seriously disputes the very obvious fact that the key to the characteristics of the greater part of our poetry and of much of our prose literature between 1793 and 1830 is not to be found in pre-contemporary and contemporary history, and who understands that "history" to mean "the decrees of Robespierre," and "the campaigns of Napoleon"; who contends that "the Revolution does not carry us very far in the explanation of Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound'" (!) naively coupling with it "Tintern Abbey" and the "Ancient Mariner"; who defends his statement that Shelley and Milton seem to blend in the couplet referred to because it blends "a Shelleyan appeal to the eye" (what in the name of criticism can that be?) "with a palpably Miltonic appeal to the ear": rather a husky, wheezy echo, I must add, of "To bellow through the vast and boundless deep"; and who complains, finally, that, so far from having treated the German influence on our poetry and criticism inadequately, he has rather overdone it, and yet in the accounts given of the poetry of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, next to nothing is said of their numerous debts to German poetry. Coleridge's most eloquent poem, "The Hymn to Sunrise at Chamonix," was simply an expansion of a well-known poem of Frederike Brun. Southey's English Eclogues initiated a most important department of idyllic poetry, and Southey himself tells us that an account of the German idyls given him in conversation suggested these poems to him. But illustration would be endless. I repeat, Professor Herford's treatment of the German influence on our literature during the period of which he treats is very inadequate.—THE REVIEWER.]

MATTER AND FORCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

THE ATHENÆUM, 24 April, 1897.

SIR,—In your interesting review of the important work by Messrs. Singer and Behrens entitled "Some Unrecognized Laws of Nature" in the Supplement to the "Saturday Review" of 17 April, you say:—"Briefly, then, they reject as a crude piece of anthropomorphism the current idea that the universe is composed of matter acted upon by forces. For them forces are the mere expression of relative states of matter and are not separate entities." This general principle from which the writers of this important work start is, however, not altogether novel. That forces are not separate entities has probably been recognized by many. It is

certainly a conception which was fully recognized by myself some five-and-twenty years ago. Thus, in "The Beginnings of Life," vol. i. 1872, pp. 4 and 5, I wrote:—"Forces are 'modes of motion,' and motion is continuous. The very idea of motion, however, cannot be realized in thought except it be in connexion with a something which moves . . . at the same time that force is indestructible, it is, moreover, incapable of existing alone and independently of matter. We cannot conceive force save as inhering in, and appertaining to, some body; we cannot conceive a body, or matter, existing devoid of all attributes or force manifestations. Both are mutable, both indestructible, and both, so far as we know, quite incapable of existing alone." A little further on this doctrine was carried to its logical conclusion in regard to "Life." Thus on pp. 77, 78 there occurs the following passage:—"All bodies in nature have properties or qualities—they are in fact known to us only as aggregates of such and such properties. Bodies are, however, divided into two great classes—the living and the not-living—according as they do or do not possess certain qualities or properties. These differentiating qualities are those which are generalized and included under the abstract name 'Life.' We must not be blinded, however, by the use of such a word; we must not fall into the old error of supposing that because by a process of generalization we have conceived a mere abstract notion which we name 'Life,' that therefore there is anything existing, of and by itself, answering to this term. No, each material body has properties of its own—properties which are due to its molecular constitution—and which make it what we know it to be. These properties are however often classed together in a definite way; certain of the objects around us, for instance, have a power of growing, of developing, and of reproducing their kind. Bodies possessing such properties have been *arbitrarily* named 'living' bodies, and the word 'Life' has been used as a mental symbol connoting the sum-total of the properties which distinguish such an aggregate from the members of the other great class whose representatives do not present such properties." Again in "The Brain as an Organ of Mind," 1880, pp. 143, 144, and 149, the same doctrines are applied to "Mind" as may be gathered from the following brief quotation:—"An attentive consideration, however, of such evidence altogether fails to assure us of the existence of 'the mind' as a self-existent entity. It is, indeed, quite the reverse. Very many of those who are most entitled to form a judgment upon this subject regard it as a 'legitimate inference' from existing knowledge that conscious states, and, indeed, 'mental phenomena' generally, are dependent upon the properties and molecular activities of nerve tissues, just as 'magnetic phenomena' are dependent upon the properties and molecular actions of certain kinds or states of iron. Regarded as ultimate facts, we are just as impotent to 'explain' the relation or nexus of causation, existing between magnetic phenomena and the one set of molecular activities, as we are to explain the causation, direct or indirect, of conscious states by other molecular activities. The mere fact that we are each of us conscious of the existence of mental or subjective states, inscrutable and ultimate as these must always be, certainly cannot be supposed to give any knowledge of 'mind' as a self-existent entity."—Faithfully yours,

H. CHARLTON BASTIAN.

"FEMININE EXEGETICS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 May, 1897.

SIR,—The "Woman's Bible" is entitled "Part I. The Pentateuch," but most unfairly; for it does not, as your critique remarks, "uphold the glory of their sex through five books," but leaves Leviticus for another part, though it has far more to do with women, either single or married, than all the other books not only of the Pentateuch but of Scripture. The whole of the arguments are very feminine in following current opinions and originating nothing. The Matriarchate is deduced from Genesis ii. 24; but the distinction thereof from the present system is nowise explained

either by L. D. Blake or the editress. The sentence in Genesis iii. 16 is taken in the popular sense, as referring to women in general instead of to Eve personally. The editress tells us that in chapter v. "they all beget sons; but nothing is said of the origin of their daughters." The statement in every case of the ten is "he begat sons and daughters." The "oldest son is made prominent; his name only is given." But Seth was not an oldest son, nor apparently Shem, nor Abraham, nor Isaac, nor Moses, nor David, &c. Hagar and Ishmael are said to be "driven out of the house"; but Josephus shows they were well endowed and became heads of the Hagarenes. The legend of Abraham's second denial of Sarah at Gerar is taken as true, though plainly only a Moabite hash of the two offences of Abram and Isaac. "The texts on Lot's daughters and Tamar we omit altogether as unworthy a place in the Woman's Bible." But most men would regard the story of Lot's daughters as a slander invented by Lot himself, who was not really drunk; and we must remember that, as Josephus remarks, they all three believed themselves the only human inhabitants left on earth. The editress reckons the Patriarchs to have had but "seven legitimate descendants" when Ephraim was born, and "if it had not been for polygamy and concubinage, the great harvest so recklessly promised would have been meagre indeed." There may have been hundreds legitimately born before Ephraim.

The Hebrews, Mrs. Stanton settles, "had no written language at that time, and could neither read nor write." But Psalms 88, 89, and others profess to be translated, as well as Job, and much of Genesis, from documents as old. In p. 73 she gives the only hint of a real grievance of modern women, their change of name at marriage, but no hint—though "one married woman in England and one in America" had one name from birth to death—how to obviate this. She is doubtless the daughter of a Mrs. Cady by a Mr. Stanton. If she has a brother, he may be John Cady Stanton, and for men this system is excellent. But if so, I maintain she should be Elizabeth Stanton Cady. By keeping her mother's family name *last*, she would (if the system were general) indicate the same relations as now; but all women would preserve and transmit their maternal family names, just as men do their paternal ones. Every one should have three names by birth, and add one at marriage. By divorce and remarriage a fifth should be added, but not by a later marriage of widowhood. This would distinguish those divorced from others.—Yours very obediently,

E. L. GARBETT.

CONTINENTS, LOST OR STRAYED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 April, 1897.

SIR,—The reviewer of the "Story of Atlantis" in your issue of 17 April hardly occupies a safer geological position than the writers whom he criticizes. The doctrine of the permanence of oceans and continents is one which has had a brief rocket-like course and is now coming fast down to the ground. When your reviewer states "there is no direct scientific proof of the existence of these former lands," he entirely overlooks the vast and many-sided evidence which, thanks largely to the members of the Indian Geological Survey, has made "Gondwana-land" an unquestionable reality. That, while the Pacific Ocean is of very great geological antiquity, the Indian and large parts of the Atlantic are quite modern oceans, must now be taken as one of the most unquestionable facts of the world's history. If your reviewer doubts this assertion, I would refer him to a paper by Dr. Blanford in the "Records" of the Indian Geological Survey, Vol. XXIX. (1896), Part II., where a summary of the growth of knowledge on the former existence of a great southern continent will be found.—Yours, &c.

GEOLOGIST.

[I quite agree that Mr. Blanford has brought together a large number of facts which would be very prettily explained by the past existence of an "Indian Ocean" continent; but there remains the lamentable absence of exact evidence from dredging.—THE REVIEWER.]

REVIEWS.

LATTER-DAY TURKEY.

"The Sultan and his Subjects." By Richard Davey.
London: Chapman & Hall. 1897.

MR. DAVEY begins his book by frankly setting before his readers a formidable list of the principal authorities consulted by him in the writing of it. They are a hundred in number, and they range from the Koran to Black's latest Guide to Constantinople; from the "Thousand and One Nights," in Burton's privately printed edition, to the "Autobiography of Roger North." Mr. Davey has turned on the one hand to the Archives of the Bank of St. George at Genoa and on the other to the "Account of a Remarkable Apparition which did much affright the Grand Turk of a woman with a brand of fyre that appeared at Mekka in the Heavens." He has studied Du Cange and Lamartine, Marco Polo and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "Christian Valor encamped against the Turks" and the "Divine Liturgy of Armenia." Thus equipped, and with the experience of a residence in Constantinople, Mr. Davey has compiled one of the best books ever written on Turkey. It appears, too, at the "psychological moment," when, after two years of more or less violent discussion of the eternal Eastern Question, the Turk has once more made his appearance as a conqueror on European soil; at a moment when, if recent news from "authoritative sources" is to be trusted, he is actually proposing to demand that Greece shall be pushed back out of Thessaly to her frontier of 1831! Assuredly the Sultan and his subjects are appealing more than ever to our curiosity and our wonder. The Eastern Question is more than ever perplexing. "Yildiz," says Mr. Davey, "like the Seraglio of the good old times, contains all the *dramatis personæ* of the tales of Scheherazade—pashas, eunuchs, mollahs, beys, astrologers, slaves, sultanas, dancing women, Circassian and Georgian odalisques." The entire Empire is a mass of ignorance, superstition and fanaticism. That is the Oriental side of the Turkish problem, the "Arabian Nights" side. Now take the other side which has been the chief topic of conversation for all Europe since the day the first shot was fired on the slopes of Olympus three weeks ago—namely, the highly "correct" behaviour of the Turkish army in the field. It is perhaps best illustrated by the following little incident, narrated by Reuter's correspondent with Edhem Pasha:—

"About a hundred Greek prisoners were taken this morning. I came across one who was being brought before an officer. He was very much fatigued, and so trembled with fear that he could hardly speak. He implored the officer not to kill him. 'Why do you appeal to me in this way?' asked the officer. 'You are a prisoner of war. We don't kill prisoners of war.' The prisoner replied that in the Greek army it was said that the Turks cut their prisoners to pieces. When assured that he need have no fear for his life, he expressed his gratitude with an effusiveness which was quite pitiful. The officer gave him cigarettes and coffee and sent him away to get some food and drink."

To those who know the Turk there is something positively comic in the officer's remark "We don't kill prisoners of war."

Here is another rather perplexing manifestation of the Turkey of to-day:—"Orders have been given for the arming of the whole of the Ottoman army with the Mauser rifle. By the recent redistribution of troops the forces in the European provinces have been reinforced by forty battalions from Anatolia, and forty more battalions are held in readiness in case of need."

Mr. Davey's book was issued before the present war broke out, and so of course he has not been able to incorporate in it the highly interesting and brand-new Turkey which has been manifested in the "correct attitude" of the Sultan and his subjects throughout the Cretan trouble and the victorious campaign on the Thessalian frontier—that attitude which has so much delighted Berlin and Vienna and which has certainly also caused mingled satisfaction and amazement in England—a triumphant hour for our Ashmead Bartlett! Yet Mr. Davey's book, which we believe to be entirely

accurate and trustworthy, bristles with strange sad facts which prove how hopeless is any real reform of the Turkish Empire. Some of these facts are "unspeakable"; they cannot be mentioned here; but they are notorious to all who know the country and the people. Mr. Davey hints at them in several passages, but he has also given us the opinion of an enlightened Turk (there are such beings) upon the great question of Turkey—the woman question. "Z— Pasha, a gentleman who speaks several European languages perfectly and who has lived much in Paris and London, said to me one day: 'There is no social or family life in Turkey, although of late years there has been some improvement in the matter of the education of women. Still, I think I should speak the truth if I declared that out of the enormous number of women in Constantinople—the population is nearly a million—there are even now not more than five thousand who can read and write their own language and not over two hundred who can speak a foreign tongue. Our women are debarred from all intellectual life. They can take no practical interest in anything except their household concerns, their gossip and their clothes. They have no sense of economy, and even if they know their husbands to be on the verge of ruin they never hesitate to run up bills in the shops of Pera or in the Great Bazaar. Their chief object in life is to get money and spend it. Their conversation is not only trivial but very often indecent.' To this Mr. Davey adds a footnote in which he says that some years ago the Sultan granted permission to the young Turkish girls of the upper classes to be educated in the Christian schools and convents. While he was in Constantinople Mr. Davey visited nearly all the principal female schools, and he was invariably assured by the superioresses of convents and the mistresses of schools of all nationalities that they were delighted when his Majesty had withdrawn his authorization, because "one little Turkish girl's conversation was enough to corrupt an entire class—so indescribably filthy was it." There is a fact! one only of many such, scattered through Mr. Davey's two volumes, which show how rotten is the social condition of the Sultan's subjects. "We have no social life. Our women are ignorant; their minds are low beyond the possibility of description"—that is the cry of the enlightened Turk.

Islam, according to Mr. Davey, is already practically dead, though, as religions die hard, it may be centuries before its mighty carcase is buried out of sight. The reason is that Islam cannot compete with civilization; it cannot progress. Christian nations have advanced; those which are under the iron yoke of Mohammedanism remain stationary. It was Mohammed himself who bound, as it were, the heads of his followers with an iron band which makes them incapable of absorbing new ideas. "Absolutely persuaded that the Koran is the Alpha and the Omega not only of God's revelation, but of all science, the orthodox Mohammedan despises learning as contrary to the Divine will, and disdains those people who venture to lift even the corners of the veil and inquire into those secrets of nature which He manifestly desires shall remain shrouded in mystery. The Mohammedan hates European progress as a subtle enemy which may one day drive him from the lands he has conquered and deprive him of that dreamy existence suited to his temperament and inclination." One of Mr. Davey's most admirable chapters is that entitled "The Latter-Day Turks." Into thirty pages he has compressed all that is really essential to know about the Turkey of to-day—the Turkey of Abdul Hamid, the Sultan who has made his capital a spy-infested hell on earth. He has done much for education, Mr. Davey admits; but the education is a mere sham; the teachers are profoundly ignorant, and the children merely parrot learners. The British Embassy, says Mr. Davey, once received the Sultan's pressing invitation to prevail upon the chaplain of the Anglican Church to discontinue the singing of the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers." His Majesty had been persuaded that the hymn was a revolutionary song, and that the excellent ladies and gentlemen who assembled at the English Church on Sunday afternoons were bent on an onward march to Yildiz!

In Mr. Davey's second volume are chapters upon the Greek and Armenian subjects of the Sultan which are

as interesting as those upon the Turks, and are equally packed with facts and things not generally known. He indulges in a prophecy as regards Macedonia, where, he thinks, "when the snows are melted," we shall see the sequence of that curious event which took place last year when the little baby Boris, much against the will of his parents and to the absolute indifference of the Bulgarian people, was baptized into the Orthodox Church. Macedonia, he believes, will pass under Bulgarian rule, "but only on the condition that Bulgaria consents to deliver herself up, bound hand and foot, to the Russian autocrat." That was written before the victories of Edhem on the Thessalian frontier. Throughout Macedonia now, from Monastir to the Thracian border, the Ottoman power is stronger than ever. The Greeks have been sent reeling back to their original frontier; the threatened mobilization of the Bulgarian army has vanished into thin air at a whisper from the Autocrat; the attitude of the Sultan and his army has been "correct" to the utmost desire of the Powers; Greece—dire penalty for foolhardiness!—has actually assisted in the revival and rehabilitation of her deadly foe. These have been the results of a seven days' war. The snows that were to melt in Macedonia have not even fallen yet.

WENTWORTH HUYSHE.

THE CHAPLAIN IN INDIA.

"Indian Gup: Untold Stories of the Indian Mutiny." By the Rev. J. R. Baldwin. London: Neville Beeman, Limited. 1897.

THE title of this book may sound strangely to English readers, but *gup* is merely the Hindostani equivalent for gossiping prattle, of which Mr. Baldwin modestly and correctly adjudges his reminiscences to consist. Nor are they necessarily the worse for this. As with the stage so with literature: it is not every theatregoer who delights in the more serious views of life: a light burlesque suffices him, without wit, or plot, or serious meaning to keep his intelligence alert. Such a book as this is the mere froth of literature, but there are many readers who will be amused by the kaleidoscopic view of India presented by a chaplain who is professionally aloof and apart from all those engrossing imperial duties of administration which are both the theme and justification of most works which treat of our Indian Empire. But the lightness of matter in Mr. Baldwin's volume in no way excuses the carelessness which has left numerous errors in the text—such as have for leave, phrophecy for prophesy (or *vice versa*), insufficient for inefficient, confidently for confidentially. Nor do names, English or Indian, fare any better. Prinsep is the name of a family honourably associated with Indian history, yet it appears disguised as Princess and Princep. The famous pillar known as the Kootub, a few miles from Delhi, masquerades as the Trootub, and a Government Nuzzool building as Muzzool.

The chaplain occupies a peculiar and not altogether dignified position in the Indian service. There is no State church in India, and the Government is extremely averse to paying for the religious requirements of the Christian community out of revenues chiefly contributed by Hindus and Mahomedans. The British soldier, who is probably the person who least desires his services, has consequently the chaplain placed to his account in the military budget; while the civil population, in the large stations where no troops are stationed, find it very difficult to obtain church or minister unless they are prepared to pay largely for building the one and maintaining the other. The church at Lahore, enlarged by episcopal vanity into a cathedral, which had its origin in the energy of Mr. Baldwin himself, was many years in building, as the subscriptions of the faithful came slowly in. The attitude taken up by the Government in this matter is somewhat puerile. So long as Christianity is the creed of the ruling Power in India, the provision of adequate and decent accommodation for public worship for the Christian community is as much its concern as the erection of any other class of public building, and its alarm at possible misapprehension on the part of the natives is irrational. Far more open to misconstruction

was its appointment of Dr. French, a missionary, as the first Bishop of Lahore; for the chaplain, however fervent his proselytizing zeal, is, as a servant of Government, forbidden to have any religious dealings with the natives, while the missionary as a free-lance is bound by no official fetters, and is the proclaimed enemy of the creeds of the people. This detachment from all missionary experience is evident in Mr. Baldwin's remarks. "Broadly it may be said," he observes, "that the whole of the natives of India are as well instructed in the principles of Christianity as the children in our National schools, and in God's good time a nation will be born in a day." So far as this enigmatical sentence is intelligible, it is an absurd travesty of the truth. Not one in a hundred Hindus and Mahomedans has any knowledge whatever of the tenets of Christianity, and this may well be understood when their three hundred millions are compared with the few ill-equipped and half-educated missionaries who have no exact knowledge of the refined philosophical systems which they labour to destroy, and rarely possess any colloquial facility in the dialects which are alone understood by the peasantry. Christianity has been triumphant among races which possessed a simple undogmatic faith; but in the presence of the scientific religions—Brahmanism, Buddhism, Judaism and Muhamadanism—it has signally failed, and there is no prospect of an eventual victory.

It is a pity that Mr. Aberigh Mackay, whose "Twenty-one Days in India" is one of the most amusing and vivid descriptions of Indian society that have ever been penned, did not devote a chapter to the chaplain. It is true that he has given us an immortal sketch of the Archdeacon, but this dignitary is so sublimated that we can scarcely recognize in him any taint of the original chaplain, even if he were ever a chaplain at all. In old days, which Mr. Baldwin deals with in his narrative, the archidiaconal charge of one man extended from Calcutta to Peshawar, so it may be imagined that discipline was lax and neither bishop nor archdeacon was often seen by the lower clergy. No class of men can maintain a high standard of conduct or character without discipline and supervision, and the Indian chaplains were no exception to the rule. There are many who remember Lahore in the days following the Mutiny, before any bishop-bearing railway had scarred the virgin soil of the Punjab, and when the orthodox met for worship in the tomb of the dancing girl Anárkallí (pomegranate blossom), a far more picturesque shrine than the modern Indo-Gothic incongruity which has succeeded it. In those days the spiritual light and leading were with the laity and not with the Church: Sir Robert Montgomery, Colonel Lake, Sir Donald McLeod, Sir Herbert Edwardes, and Colonel Reynell Taylor. The ordinary chaplain was a warning, not an example. Lazy, frivolous, pleasure loving, keener for billiards and the bottle than for the ordinances of his Church, there was, perhaps, no class of the official community which held a lower place in popular estimation. There were a few worthy exceptions, it is true, who endeavoured with pious hands to tend and water the fragile exotic plant of Christianity in the midst of the overcrowding jungle of indifferentism and Oriental heterodoxy. But their devotion only rendered more painfully evident the general religious slovenliness. Mr. Baldwin himself did memorable work for the Eurasian community and for the European loafer. But this was in the 'seventies, not in the earlier days when the loafer, who is the curse and plague spot of our civilization, was unknown. His unclean trail follows the railway all over the East, and there is now no native State which is secure from the intrusion of this human beast of prey, as obnoxious to the sober and gentle natives as the tiger itself. Of the Eurasian community of mixed blood, Mr. Baldwin gives a very unfavourable and unjust estimate, and that of Mr. Mackay is far more sympathetic and correct. The half-castes occupy an unfortunate position, despised by the English and disliked by the natives, and they are no doubt inheritors of the faults and weaknesses of both races. But they are excellent, law-abiding citizens, possessed of many of the gentler social and domestic virtues and do not deserve a general condemnation.

From a high ethical standpoint the Indian chaplain

seems to occupy a position which is inherently demoralizing to the robust virtues of Christianity. He is like the private physician of a great prince, who is prohibited all private practice, and who thus, year by year, grows more inapt in the scientific knowledge and practice of the healing art. The Indian chaplain holds the same place with reference to the seething millions which surround him. He has been trained to believe that they will have a most uncomfortable hereafter unless they abandon their false gods in favour of Christianity; yet he is forbidden to attempt to guide them into a better way. He is the servant of an enlightened Government which has decided, first from expediency and then from principle, that the rulers of an alien people have no concern with their religious beliefs, and that it would be a grave offence against statesmanship to endeavour to influence them. So the unfortunate chaplain has to stand aside and occupy himself with stoles and chasubles, and keeping in decent order his church and graveyard, while he sees the despised missionary gallantly charging the hostile armies of Siva and Mahomed. What wonder that under such conditions the flame of faith burns low, and the Indian chaplain sometimes looks back with regret to his English village, where, as a poor curate, he might still, in full freedom, deliver, to all who would hear, the message a fervent belief in which can alone justify and dignify his mission.

FOR THE EPICURE.

"A Book of Sauces." By S. Beatty-Pownall. London: Chapman & Hall. 1897.

"Fifty Lunches." By A. Kenney-Herbert. London: Edward Arnold. 1897.

"MON fils," said a witty *chef* in dying, "soyez sage dans les épices et surtout ne poussez pas le poivre jusqu'au fanatisme." In this pregnant *obiter dictum* the wise cook gave negative expression to the whole secret of that portion of the art which lies beyond the significance of the adjective "plain." "Ne poussez pas le poivre jusqu'au fanatisme." In sauce and in seasoning, in garnish and in stuffing, the pepper and the spices must always be less their informing spirit than the guardian angel of their merits; and it is this lesson which Mr. Beatty-Pownall makes haste to enforce most assiduously amid all the wealth of detail which he lavishes upon his book. Sauces are divided even as mankind into the white and the coloured varieties; both spring from the same lowly origin in a pat of butter, but both diverge from each other in the development that results from the distinction of their functions. We in England—barren and unimaginative race!—can claim exclusive possession of but one sub-variety of the white kind, one only that can properly be called our own; but that possession is an important one, and is known to fame as melted butter. Mr. Beatty-Pownall lays emphatic stress upon the right manufacture of this fundamental sauce, and upon all the developments of which it is capable. Starting from this broad basis, you may trace the course of all the savoury butters, discovering, by the aid of this clever manipulator, the almost endless permutations and combinations which give to epicurean dreams a substance and a name. Still, it is to France that the chief glories of sauce belong. That nation may claim the sole honours of all the known brown and of many among the best known white sauces, in every variety of which Mr. Beatty-Pownall proves himself a proficient and lucid guide. He rightly insists on the quality of patience among cooks, and proves conclusively how necessary that virtue is for this one great division of the world of cookery. To achieve a real success in the manufacture of sauces the cook must possess a delicate discrimination of the gradations, the harmonies and the discords of flavours, and must give to his butter, his flour, his source of heat and his vegetable and animal juices a minute and unremitting attention. We have only one suggestion to make: in the manufacture of bread sauce the shallot is preferable to the onion, even the gay spring variety.

In any discussion of Mr. A. Kenney-Herbert's book let him first be implored to avoid that detestable word

"lunch." Apart, moreover, from this initial mistake, Mr. Kenney-Herbert's meals are a disappointment to any eager gourmand who may combine a decent discretion with his eagerness. It is the first law of eating, be the dishes never so elaborate, that food should be related to the capacity of the eater, in the matter of liver, digestion, stomach, and the rest; but as that capacity varies according to the construction of different subjects, the wise arranger of meals must choose for his hero a normal man with, say, but an occasional lapse of liver, a rare habit of bile, and a digestion stirred to disobedience not more than once in three weeks. But the man for whom Mr. Kenney-Herbert composes "lunches" should, to eat his dishes, have an iron-bound digestion that no excess can impair, a virile liver that would withstand the seductions of the first oil-brew, and a tendency to bile as rare as an eclipse of the sun visible at Greenwich. Every detail of these "lunches" is imagined upon a scale of almost nauseating richness. Take, for one example, a meal of which the component parts are Filets de Barbe à la Bonnefoy, Poulet à la Toscane, Profiteroles au chocolat, and Œufs à la Russe; grant that the quantity is not exaggerated, who save an inhabitant of Jupiter could, in point of material, splash his way through fifty such meals? It may be allowed that Mr. Kenney-Herbert's dishes are in themselves well enough; were they judiciously assorted with staple dishes of a more prosaic disposition, they might be adopted as an admirable basis—colouring matter—for luncheons arranged more naturally according to the requirements of the human stomach and less according to the enormous desire of the human heart. Mr. Kenney-Herbert assumes that the flesh is as willing as the spirit; he is a very Trappist in his exaggerations. Had he made a more moderate use of his matter, he would have written a far more effective book; but his superfluous demands upon the body are too severe, too exacting, too persistent. In food, as in architecture, proportion is the thing.

ARISTOTLE IMPROVED.

[PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.]

"Lectures in the Lyceum; or, Aristotle's Ethics for English Readers." Edited by St. George Stock. London, New York and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1897.

IF the late Mrs. Markham had turned her attention from modern history to ancient philosophy she would probably have treated Aristotle's "Ethics" on the lines followed in Mr. Stock's "Lectures in the Lyceum." From the teacher's point of view the method may be excusable, to the pupil it may be tolerable, but to the ordinary grown person it is simply exasperating. Mr. Stock, of course, can plead a scintilla of historical justification. It has been argued, with some show of proof, that the existing text of the "Nicomachean Ethics" is but a bundle of notes delivered at a series of "catechetical lectures," and he has apparently undertaken to supply the *lactea ubertas* which an ancient critic discovered in the literary remains of a philosopher who is generally considered an exceptionally crabbed writer. Mr. Stock's idea has been to invest the treatise which he has taken in hand with a living interest, and to break up the more or less continuous argument into the form of a dialogue. The "persons" introduced, besides Aristotle himself, are "Theophrastus, his successor as head of the Peripatetic School; Eudemus, a prominent disciple, author of the 'Eudemian Ethics,' and Nicomachus, Aristotle's son, who died young." From the quality of the remarks put into his mouth we cannot say that his early decease was any serious loss to the speculative world. Let us listen to the sprightly youth. His eminent father had been expounding the Doctrine of the Mean, which he was illustrating by a few practical hints. First of all, he had said, avoid that Extreme which is in its nature more opposed to the Mean. "Choose Scylla rather than Charybdis, which will wreck you altogether, following the advice of Calypso:—

"Steer clear thy bark of all this seething surt."
"NICOMACHUS. Wasn't it Circe who said that, father?"

ARISTOTLE. I believe it was, my son, now you mention it. You are fresher from your Homer than I am.

THEOPHRASTUS. I think you will find that it was neither Circe nor Calypso, but Ulysses, who said these words to his pilot. He was repeating what Circe had said to him in a slightly different form.

ARISTOTLE. Thank you. It is well to be accurate, though the point does not affect the illustration. Of the two extremes one may be worse and more erroneous than the other. And, when this is the case, if you cannot hit the Mean exactly, it is well to take the lesser evil as your 'second sailing.'

NICOMACHUS. I have often heard that phrase, father; but I can't say I ever rightly understood it.

ARISTOTLE. Well, what pleases the mariner best is to be scudding along the Ægean before a favouring breeze. But, if the wind drops, and a dead calm comes on, what must he do then? Why, put out his oars and row."

This is by no means an unfavourable instance of the puerilities which Mr. Stock has imported into Aristotle. On the discussion of the pleasures arising from the sense of smell the youth breaks in, "When I'm hungry, father, I must confess that a good whiff of something cooking for dinner is most delicious, especially if there are onions in it." Well, we do not find much of the onion in Mr. Stock's concoctions. But at least he might refrain from improving on Aristotle himself, and bringing him up to date:—

"You need not suppose," the philosopher is supposed to say, "that differences of individual taste are a mere matter of personal caprice. If one man likes fat and another lean, there is probably something in their physical constitution to account for this diversity. Take the man who eschews fat, and put him to live at the North Pole; before long you will find him develop a taste for blubber. Then, again, though there is great variety of individual tastes, yet the variation takes place within limits. Every one likes almonds better than gravel."

In spite of the ineptitudes, the feeble pleasantries and the irritating wordiness, it must be admitted that Mr. Stock's book has certain merits. It does bring out the main points which a beginner in moral philosophy has to grasp, and it puts them in an intelligible way. We think that it might be found useful by a stupid "passman" who had fallen into the hands of a muddle-headed tutor, and read the text and attended lectures without getting a definite idea what the Greek was all about. If the editor, as he calls himself, had confined his ambition within these modest limits, we could have congratulated him upon a success. But the Preface in which he pays his compliments to Professor Bywater and the late Professor Chandler would seem to suggest a loftier aim. He claims it as a merit to have "endeavoured to rescue something of Professor Chandler's mind from 'oblivion's subtle wrong.'" Those who are best acquainted with the work of that distinguished recluse will be least satisfied with the memorial thus volunteered.

A FRENCH COUNTRY VICAR.

"Letters of a Country Vicar." From the French of Yves le Querdec. By Mara Gordon Holmes. London: William Heinemann. 1897.

THE ordinary fireside or dinner-table discussion of dwindling congregations and school difficulties in our own country parishes seldom proceeds far before some bold spirit turns to France for an illustration, whereby his auditors are confirmed in their belief that if any one knew anything about religion in France the parallel might be useful and would certainly be interesting. Mr. Yves le Querdec supplies material for such a comparison, and we learn more from the letters of his *cure* than we should from twice as many polemical articles. We might know something of the supposed official attitude of the Republican Government towards the Church and yet have no idea of the way in which things really happen, and the best-argued abstractions cannot vie with concrete examples. So the author has done well to set before us this particular vicar fighting his battles in this particular village of St. Julien. From

the first we begin to realize the various elements which make up the problem—the bishop, the old-fashioned clergy who remain in their shells, the high-principled but disappointed nobleman who sulks in his castle, the peasant mayor who is a Catholic, and yet a Red Republican impatient of castle rule, the frightened schoolmaster, the apathetic peasants, the more obstinate artisans and the powerful shoemaker who takes his orders from various anti-religious associations and is courted by the big-wigs of the party. What a subject for the artist! And here we must confess to a certain disappointment. The knowledge, the experience, the dramatic stuff is all here, but the thrill is absent. Maybe the effect is partly due to the English translation; but the book reads as if it were the work of a man who knew, and yet was not intoxicated with, his vision of the village and its *place*, the moves and the counter-moves, the cabals, the unexpected clash of interests. Imagine the state of mind in which the author of the "Comédie Humaine" would have attacked this work; how the party politics would have fired his blood like wine; with what passionate admiration he would have woven the threads; and how we, his readers, would have followed him breathless into the smallest details. Genius one may not demand from any writer, and perhaps the passionate interest of the artist amounts to much the same thing as genius; and yet no one with a spark of emotion in him could read the "Letters of a Country Vicar" without wondering at the obstinacy with which the author has avoided writing a masterpiece. One scene only is memorable, though as a suggestion rather than an achievement. And this scene is part of a side issue, the private history of the Marquis de St. Julien and his daughter, who has determined to become a nun. Her father has been told, but days go by and no word passes between them. At last the moment comes when she may speak, and it is in the drawing-room of the usual villa in an ordinary seaside resort that the daughter slips down at her father's knees, crying, her head empty of thought, hearing "the slight tic-tac of the clock, the cries of the children in the street, the long swell of waves creeping up slowly at regular intervals, to break against the strand."

But let us look at one of the vicar's multitudinous difficulties. He is preparing an ignorant class for confirmation, and the schoolmaster objects ("What will the inspector say?") if the children are thus made to miss some hours every week out of their school-time. The children cannot come into the village before school-time or stay after; for in winter it is dark, and in summer their work is required by their parents. It is true that Thursday is a whole holiday; but that is just the one free day on which parents wish their children to stay on the farm. Moreover, if the law were roused and strictly applied, rural catechizing would become quite impossible—"we live under a tolerant administration, I grant, but the whole religious life of the country hangs upon an act of good pleasure." But the bold vicar finds a foothold from which he can direct his attack. The half-pagan peasants "would not let their children miss confirmation for anything in the world; it is a rite which must not be evaded; but it is nothing more than a rite, which allows the boys to hire themselves out at the farms and the girls to enter service." Here is the vicar's advantage. He declares roundly that the children shall only be confirmed if they know the catechism, and for this purpose they must come to him regularly. The parents whine, but have to submit, and when the vicar allows them their Thursday free, they are delighted, and he leaves them to fight it out as best they can with the schoolmaster, for, "after all, the parents are masters of the situation, and always end by getting what they like."

AN ANONYMOUS SPORTSMAN.

[PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.]

"The Sportsman in Ireland." By "Cosmopolite." (Sportsman's Library.) Edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell. Illustrated. London: Arnold. 1897.

FOR the third volume of his admirable library Sir Herbert Maxwell's choice has fallen upon a book that, appearing rather more than fifty years ago, gave

rise to considerable speculation as to the identity of the author. The work in its original form was in two volumes, and included an account of a tour in the Highlands, as well as a number of passages having reference to those religious and other controversies generally regarded as inseparable from the social history of Ireland. These topics, irrelevant to sport, have, and we think wisely, been omitted; but it is to be regretted that the exigencies of the single volume should also have necessitated the exclusion of the concluding account of the tour in the neighbourhood of Loch Awe and Loch Lomond. This, besides containing sundry quaint observations on the pike and salmon of those waters, would have furnished an interesting contrast with the Scotch tour that formed the subject of the preceding volume of this library. The present work is devoted almost wholly to angling. The author and his companion certainly met with extraordinary success both on river and lough. The descriptions of encounters with monsters are always vivid, though often marred by exaggerations the reverse of pleasing; and a few additional footnotes on the subject would, we think, not have come amiss. The slight prevarication on the subject of the eagle, which has elicited editorial rebuke, seems as nothing compared with the audacity of some of the angling stories. The author's remarks on "slob-trout" and Shannon fishing generally, on which he seems unnecessarily severe, may be compared with their treatment by a recent writer on Irish sport.

It is to be regretted that the mysterious "Cosmopolite" was not more of a naturalist—a regret that few will experience more keenly than his present editor. With him it was always the weight of the bag that told; and, without being unduly severe on his predilection for a deadly bait nowadays tabooed, or on his gentle methods of foul-hooking refractory grey mullet, we should hesitate to place in the fore rank of sportsmen one with so poor a regard for the wonders of nature. Even in writing of his favourite class, the fishes, his errors, viewed leniently though they may be by those who remember how much dimmer was the scientific light of half a century ago, are none too few; while his few allusions to the habits and distribution of the higher vertebrates—his exclusion of red-deer, for example, from the list of Irish aborigines, for which the editor very properly calls him to account—are, where not absolutely erroneous, singularly devoid of interest. We look in vain for some reference to those very remarkable gaps in the Irish list, the absence of the mole, weasel, roedeer, and the like. The author's eye is ever on the top-joint of his rod, his ear cares for no music save the screeching of the reel.

These blemishes apart, the book is sufficiently entertaining and worthy of the company in which it now finds itself, which is saying much. Of the original illustrations, vignettes for the most part of indifferent quality, the editor has retained only the two frontispieces. One of these, at any rate, has been satisfactorily reproduced; the other we could have spared. The vignettes have, very desirably, made way for a number of capital drawings by Mr. Chenevix Trench, whose work we have just noticed elsewhere. He appears to be in a fair way of achieving that which so many artists have essayed with only modest results. Angling would seem of all sports the most difficult to illustrate; and, though we are constrained to admit a preference for Mr. Trench's monochrome work, it is not to be denied that he has admirably caught the position of fish, fisherman and rod as they are, not as they seem to the imagination of draughtsmen in their studies. The book is one to be read and enjoyed.

LADYLIKE FICTION.

"Paul's Stepmother," and one other Story. By Lady Troubridge. London: Grant Richards. 1897.

PAUL WALLENDER was "a quiet, old-fashioned, middle-aged young man," who believed in women of the old-fashioned sort, women without fringes, who never contradicted their husbands. He was a good deal of a bear in his manners, not much drawn to anything or anybody, so no wonder he "began to feel himself out of things." Enshrined in his heart was the

memory of his mother, "a dull and colourless person enough," who yet when she had departed to the land "where diamonds are not," had "fortunately been able to take in her hand the white flower of a blameless life." Not a likely person this Paul, one would have thought, to fall in love with Milly, his twenty-year-old stepmother. But then, as Lady Troubridge remarks, "passion claims her victims as impartially as death," and when she calls them "they see the radiance of the light that, they say, never was on sea or land." When we make Milly's acquaintance Paul's infatuation is not any more comprehensible, nor can we see any reason, except the young stepmother's excessive foolishness, why she should fall in love with him. Milly was not a very ladylike young person, only a degree less vulgar than her hoydenish sisters. We really could not feel very sorry when she settled everything by dying of heart disease on hearing that Paul had been killed in a railway accident. Paul was not really killed. It was a mistake, and he lived with a heart-ache for twenty years to die with Milly's name upon his lips.

"Paul's Stepmother" is one of those books which it is a perpetual surprise to see issue from the press. It is admirably printed on good paper and most tastefully bound, but its contents are quite valueless. Lady Troubridge's stories are such as find a fitting home in the columns of the "Young Lady's Journal," the "Family Herald" and similar publications. Their one quality is their impeccable propriety. Neither stepson nor stepmother makes any dirty marks on that "white flower of a blameless life." They repress their passion by clenching their teeth and saying, "O God!" But no single sentence has a turn of elegance or reveals any sense of style; no thought rises above the level of commonplace sentimentality. The characters are all stock types labelled with this virtue or this vice, and never by any chance putting on a semblance of reality. They all talk alike, as marionettes talk in the voice of a showman, sometimes in stilted fashion, sometimes with hopeless vulgarity. "Sit down," Paul says to his stepmother. "No, I shan't," his stepmother replies. "Don't be silly, Paul!" "Don't you be silly, Lady Wallender!" retorts the stepson. The other story in the book, "Poor Roderick," is no whit better. Sir Roderick Arbuthnot, whom we are invited to commiserate, is an unmitigated cad; Marion Coventry a not more mitigated prig, the rest mostly fools. This would appear to be the author's first excursion into fiction. It may seem unkind, it will certainly be useless, but it is nevertheless necessary, to advise her never to make a second venture.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

"COSMOPOLIS," for a wonder, is just a little dull this month—perhaps it is the combined absence of MM. Lemaître and Faguet that has cast a gentle gloom over the whole review. M. Anatole France starts the French section with a sketch of Napoleon's conversation during his passage from Egypt. We do not quite see where M. France comes in himself; indeed, he seems to be aware that his sketch is only interesting in so far as it is authentic, for he starts one sentence as "a fact." He certainly illustrates Napoleon's peculiar capacity for living entirely in the present. M. Edmond Plauchut, who has lived ten years in the Philippines, gives a moving account of the hungry Spanish functionaries bent on making a fortune, the immoral and rapacious priests, and the sudden rise of the Masonic lodges heralding the revolution. He declares that if the inhabitants of these islands were fairly and liberally treated, they would develop many of those virtues which distinguish their neighbours the Japanese. M. Henri Lichtenberger's note on Nietzsche is more interesting than the sentimental letters it introduces. Both M. de Pressensé and "Ignotus" have at last turned their backs upon the Concert. M. de Pressensé opens his article with a very frank and dolorous recantation, all the more worthy of attention because at first he was not content merely to say that the intervention of the Powers was natural, unavoidable, only to be expected; he went on to declare that the Concert was a great and almost divine affair. He ends with a cry for mediation, mediation at once. Mr. Henry Norman prints the most important of his notes on this subject in italics; but we may search in vain through the German review of the situation for any refutation, or even acknowledgment, of the charge he brings against the "other" nation that prevented the amicable arrangement of Cretan affairs between the Sultan and King George. Indeed "Ignotus," though full of scorn for the

Concert, proposes, and almost prophesies, a narrower and more active combination between Russia, Austria, Roumania and Germany, in order to preserve Turkey and ensure peace. Considering the amount of literature that has been written lately on the dangers of a European war, it is odd that so few writers have seen fit to explain exactly what the danger is and why. No doubt this would be very elementary, too elementary; but it might be printed in extra large type on the baby page of "St. Nicholas," let us say, that excellent magazine for "Young Folks." There is at least one most entertaining contribution to "Cosmopolis" this month, namely M. Stéphane Mallarmé's amazing poem. M. Mallarmé's style is always such a delightful astonishment in itself, that one hardly finds the energy for the superadded astonishment which should naturally be provoked by his revolutionary manner of printing this poem. In one sense the reader of "Cosmopolis" will get his full money's worth this month, for these seven pages of M. Mallarmé would take longer to appropofund than all the back numbers of "Cosmopolis" put together. And real thoroughgoing incomprehensibility is no small merit. An article on the influence of Wagner is announced for June or July; but we wonder that the Editor does not think it worth while to have more regular and current musical criticism.

As usual, the "Nineteenth Century" is well up-to-date, but it contains nothing of especial importance. Mr. Knowles has got no less than three articles on the situation in the East, two dealing with Crete and the Cretans, and one with the general policy of the European Concert. The latter is from the pen of M. de Pressensé, who makes a violent attack on the "European Areopagus" for its callous cynicism in looking on at the Græco-Turkish struggle without attempting to interfere, and he eloquently urges a spontaneous offer of mediation on the part of the Powers before "it is too late to mediate efficiently." Quite commonplace, sensible advice. The article is disfigured by several printer's errors, e.g. the Thermopyles, *Ignoramus*, Pharsalus. Mr. Ernest N. Bennett's article, "Sidelights on the Cretan Insurrection," is particularly valuable as coming from one who has been lately in Crete and has mixed with Cretans of all classes and religions. He vindicates the Turks and the Cretan Moslems from the charges of cruelty and oppression brought against them, and gives evidence to show that it is the Christian population who are the tyrants and oppressors. As for the future Government of the island, the majority of Cretans appear to be unenthusiastically inclined to favour annexation to Greece. A paper called "Among the Liars," by Mr. H. Cecil Lowther, is an extremely interesting descriptive account of Crete, which the author visited for the purpose of shooting Ibex. Professor Max Mueller writes with his accustomed dulness on the Schleswig-Holstein question, *apropos* of Jansen's and Samwer's recently published book; Sir John Lubbock ably advocates the institution of a new Bank Holiday, a "Victoria Day," in commemoration of the Queen's reign, a proposal which has our best wishes; and Miss A. M. Wakefield goes sympathetically into the history and ceremonies and songs of the old-time May revels—a really interesting, even learned, essay. Senator H. Cabot Lodge writes about "The Home of the Cabots," and comes to the interesting conclusion that no one can tell where it was; at the same time "that he [Cabot] drew his blood from the Norman race of the Channel Islands his name and arms seem to prove beyond doubt." Mr. Malcolm Morris contributes a long and readable article on "The Progress of Medicine during the Queen's Reign," the peculiarity of which is that far the greater part is not devoted to medicine at all, but to surgery and the use of anesthetics. As a matter of fact, the highest authorities must confess that medicine itself has made little or no progress whatever. Mr. Walter Frewen Lord's historical account of Greece and its vicissitudes in the hands of the Dutch, the English, and finally the French, deserves study, though there is little of value in the way of historical generalization to be gleaned from the somewhat monotonous narrative. Mr. Herbert Paul, amongst other absurdities, declares that with "a little more romance, a little more poetry, a little more humour," "Mr. Gissing would be a very great writer indeed." Indeed! When we read in Mr. S. S. Buckman's article on "The Speech of Children" that "Max Mueller" makes certain remarks "in a famous passage," we were sorely tempted to pass on to the next; however, we grew interested in spite of ourselves as we followed Mr. Buckman's suggestive examples of child-language. The well-worn topic of tobacco and health is courageously resuscitated by Mr. E. Vincent Howard; we yawned with Mr. James Mew over Gongora; Mr. J. H. Round writes with a superabundance of knowledge and learning about "The Sacrifice of the Mass" that made us feel sorry for his opponent, Mr. George Russell; and a good number is closed by the Duke of Argyll receiving his well-earned quietus from Mr. Herbert Spencer.

The "Cornhill" is again excellent this month; there is hardly a dull page among the hundred and thirty. Mr. Lew Rosen collects some of Napoleon's opinions on the subject of England, and Mr. A. J. Butler writes an account of a typical colonel in the Grand Army, Baron Pouget. From the diary of George Fullam, boarding-officer of the "Alabama," Mr. Percy Cross Standing extracts a gallant account of that daring cruiser, and

Mr. Frank T. Bullen is very exciting in his "Incidents of the Sperm Whale Fishery." "The Queen against Courvoisier" is more obviously justifiable than some of the famous murder trials which the "Cornhill" has been describing, for in this case there is a keen human interest in the fact that Phillips, the defendant's advocate, was assured of his client's guilt. Mr. Andrew Lang does well to plead for reasonable methods in treating of ghostly subjects, and Mr. Hartley Withers does even better to explain the technicalities of money articles. Sir Edmund Du Cane contributes reminiscences of early days in Westralia—the days of penal settlements. There are some laughable moments in Mrs. Meyer Heune's fantastic nightmare. It must be confessed that "Chapman's Magazine" has set before itself a harder task than any other monthly in existence; and perhaps the extreme difficulty of finding eight or nine short stories every month is some explanation of the fact that the magazine so seldom contains even one that is worth presenting with the consequence that necessarily attaches to a monthly wholly devoted to fiction.

"Longman's" is better worth reading this month than it has been for some time past. Sir Edmund Verney contributes a complete little article on the benefits which rural populations on the Continent have derived from technical education; it is an enviable tale of what instruction can do for agriculture, dairy-farming and home industries. A. K. H. B. contributes some reflections entitled "Looking Round"; he is one of the few writers who dare to be sentimental, and he has his reward.

In the "Jewish Quarterly" Miss Helen Zimmern sketches the life and work of a man whose record should do much to refute the absurd notion that the Jews are not keen patriots and play no important part in the struggles and hopes of their country. The history of the rise of Italian nationality is incomplete without large mention of David Levi, who wrote and fought and paid with indefatigable devotion. Mr. Oswald John Simon answers some of the objections to his scheme of a universal Judaism with much dignity and courtesy.

"Macmillan's Magazine" is always likely to be interesting; but it is not often that one comes across such a bright article as Mr. W. P. James's on "Local Colour." His philosophy is as good as his criticism, and his sketch of the meaning the phrase bore in the days of Gautier is as entertaining as his anecdote of "an ingenious novelist" who "lately deducted the travelling expenses incurred in procuring local colour from his Income-tax assessment."

The "Progressive Review" opens with a capable and straightforward review of the various expedients for "ending the House of Lords." After dismissing many plans with refreshing contempt, the writer descends to a declaration that the change must be bold and revolutionary, and that it could only come about at a time when a determined Liberal party could appeal to the country against the adverse decision of the Peers on a question of prime and popular importance. The review of the internal politics of other nations is still a praiseworthy feature of this publication.

The "Century" has three engrossing papers on the subject of serious kite-flying. Lieutenant-General John M. Schofield's account of the withdrawal of the French from Mexico is an instructive chapter of "secret history."

In this month's "Harper's" Mr. Poultny Bigelow discusses "The White Man's Black Man," and Mr. Smalley writes a decidedly frightening description of "English Country House Life."

The new quarterly, the "Dome," is not remarkable so far, and one would be inclined to mistrust an editor who could publish such an appalling review of his own efforts as rounds off this first number.

The "Juridical Review" for this quarter rises above the ordinary level of a legal quarterly by the inclusion of Judge Wendell Holmes's lecture on the "Study of Law." There is something piquant in a learned judge demonstrating to a number of law students on the occasion of a great University function that the study of law means just how to avoid it; that law is neither a matter of morals nor logic; and that Roman law in particular is a useless and antiquated encumbrance. This American judge knows what he is talking about, and because he does know is not afraid to steer his audience of students clear of the hypocrisy which treats law, as we have it in actual life, as a branch of deductive philosophy. It is always pleasant to criticize a critic. The Juridical reviewer of the lately published "Encyclopædia of Law," seeing Sir Walter Phillimore's name amongst the list of contributors, congratulates the editor on ecclesiastical law being safe in Sir Walter's hands. Not one of the articles on ecclesiastical law is by Sir Walter.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

Academy Notes, The, 1897 (H. Blackburn). Chatto & Windus.
Acts of the Apostles, The (F. Rendall). Macmillan. 9s.
Beaumarchais (André Hallays). Hachette.
Begonias, How to Grow (O. A. Farin). Sampson Low. 2s.
British Golf Links (H. Hutchinson). Virtue. 42s.
Bronies in Fact and Fiction, The (A. M. Mackay). Service & Paton.
Burton, Isabel, Lady, The Romance of, a vols. (W. H. Wilkins). Hutchinson. 36s.
Canterbury Cathedral (W. H. Freeman). Isbister.
Canterbury Cathedral, Tales from (Mrs. F. Lord). Sampson Low. 1s.
Casell's Family Magazine (December to May). Casell. 5s.

Castle Meadow (Emma Marshall). Seeley.
Chevalier Bayard, The (Edith Walford). Sampson Low. 12. 6d.
Confessions (Cardinal Mazzella). Burns & Oates. 6s. 1.
Cosmopolis (May).
Cromwell's Place in History (S. R. Gardiner). Longmans. 3s. 6d.
Diamond, Genesis and Matrix of the (H. C. Lewis). Longmans. 12. 6d.
Doctor Faustus (Christopher Marlowe). Dent. 12.
Earth's Atmosphere, The Story of the (D. Archibald). Newnes. 12.
English Literature, A Handbook of (A. Dobson). Crosby Blackwood.
English Stage, The (Augustin Filon). Milne. 7s. 6d.
Etudes sur le Drame Antique (Henri Weil). Hachette.
Eye of Istar, The (W. Le Queux). White.
False Gods (Mrs. A. S. Bradshaw). Henry. 6s.
Fate and a Heart (Faber Vance). Ward & Downey. 12. 6d.
Fauna of British India. Hymenoptera. Vol. I. (C. I. Bingham). Taylor & Francis.
First Battle, The (W. J. Bryan). Sampson Low. 10s. 6d.
French Revolution, The. 2 vols. (Thomas Carlyle). Dent. 12. 6d.
Full Confession, A (F. C. Phillips). Constable. 12.
Geographical Journal (May).
Gloucester Cathedral (H. D. M. Spence). Isbister.
Harold (Lord Lytton). Constable. 3s. 6d.
Humanitarian, The (May).
India, The North-Western Provinces of (W. Crooke). Methuen. 10s. 6d.
Intellectual Development, History of (J. B. Crozier). Longmans. 14s.
Italian Finance (C. Rezenraad). Henry.
Lady of Wales, A (V. J. Leatherdale). Horace Cox.
Le Royaume de la Rue Saint-Honoré (P. de Ségur). Calmans Lévy.
Lectures in the Lyceum (St. George Stock). Longmans. 7s. 6d.
Letters, Sentences and Maxims (Lord Chesterfield). Sampson Low. 11. 6d.
Moray and Nairn: a History of (Chas. Rampini). Blackwood. 7s. 6d.
Music: In Praise of (C. Savle). Stock.
Navy Annual, The, 1897 (T. A. Brassey). Griffin.
North and South (Mrs. Gaskell). Newnes. 2s. 6d.
Norwich Cathedral (W. Lefroy). Isbister.
Only a Flirt (Mrs. Robert Jocelyn). White.
Philosophy of Boethius, The Consolation of (H. R. James). Stock.
Plattner Story, The (H. G. Wells). Methuen. 6s.
Premier Telegraph Code, The (W. H. Hawke). Wilson. 10s. 6d.
Prime Minister of Wurtemberg (Eller). Andrews. 3s. 6d.
Problems of Nature (Gustav Jaeger). Williams & Norgate.
Purgatorio of Dante, Readings on the 2 vols. (W. W. Vernon). Macmillan. 24s.
Revolutionary Tendencies of the Age. Putnam. 6s.
Ripple and Flood (James Prior). Hutchinson. 6s.
Robert the Wise and his Heirs (St. Clair Baddeley). Heinemann.
Royal Academy Pictures, 1897. Cassell.
Salisbury Cathedral (G. D. Boyle). Isbister.
Saskatchewan, Twenty Years on the (W. Nelson). Stock.
Scarlet Letter, The (Nathaniel Hawthorne). Service & Paton.
Scribner's Magazine (May).
Shirley (Charlotte Brontë). Service & Paton. 12. 6d.
Sportsman in Ireland, The (A. Cosmopolite). Arnold. 15s.
Strand Magazine (May).
Theological Literature of the Church of England (John Dowden). S.P.C.K. 3s.
Track of Midnight, The (G. Firth Scott). Sampson Low.
Trade Winds, With the (Ira Nelson Morris). Putnam. 5s.
Vaud, Berne and Savoy, Historic Studies in. 2 vols. (M. Read). Chatto & Windus. 25s.
Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung (David Irvine). Grevel. 6s.
Wakley, Thomas, Life and Times of (S. Squire Sprigge). Longmans. 18s.
Wild Norway (Abel Chapman). Arnold. 6s.
Young Scholar's Letters, A (D. O. Kellogg). Putnam.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Fridays. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND. A printed Scale of Charge may be obtained on application.

FRANCE.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in PARIS every Saturday from Messrs. BOYVEAU & CHEVILLET, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALIGNANI'S, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines, Le KIOSQUE VERMIMES, Cour de Rome, and at the GALIGNANI LIBRARY, Nice.

AMERICA.

Copies are on Sale at the INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY'S OFFICES, 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York, Messrs. DAMRELL & UPHAM'S, 283 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and at THE HAROLD WILSON CO., Toronto, Canada.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PALL MALL CLUB.

(ESTABLISHED 1893.)

Candidates' names are now being received (prior to entering on new premises) for the election of 500 New Town Members and 1,000 New Country Members.

NOTE.—Windows and Balconies have been secured on the line of route of the QUEEN'S PROCESSION, June 22, to enable MEMBERS and their FRIENDS to have seats at moderate prices.

For further particulars apply to the HON. SECRETARY,

PALL MALL CLUB OFFICES,
60 HAYMARKET, S.W.

AVONDALE HOTEL, LONDON.

HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,

PICCADILLY.

EXCELLENT CUISINE.

Piccadilly, the Best Position in London.

Proprietors—MM. GARIN, EUGENE.

From the Savoy.

ROYAL HOTEL, CAPE TOWN.

"The Royal Hotel, Cape Town, is altogether the best hotel in South Africa."

The SATURDAY REVIEW.

Proprietor, J. OLARK.

SAVOY HOTEL AND RESTAURANT, LONDON.

Overlooking the River and Embankment Gardens.

Bedrooms for one person from 7s. 6d. per day; for two, from 12s. Suites of Apartments, consisting of Sitting, Bed, and private Bath-room, &c., from 30s. Attendance, Baths, and Light always included.

SAVOY RESTAURANT,

With large terrace, is the finest in Europe. The Orchestra plays during Dinner and Supper.

Managers (C. RITZ, L. ECHENARD. Chef de Cuisines: Maitre ESCOFFIER.

GRAND HOTEL, ROME,

Same Management as Savoy Hotel.

Borwick's THE BEST BAKING POWDER IN THE WORLD. Powder

Bland & Sons'

·303 BORE RIFLE.

Double-barrel Hammerless Ejector, with Telescopic Sights.

AS SUPPLIED TO
H.M. THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

The PRIVATE SECRETARY to H.M. the KING OF PORTUGAL writes:—"With the single but rather short barreled rifle, using the same cartridge, His Majesty has shot lately a stag (an old one) at 980 paces."

THOMAS BLAND & SONS,

430 WEST STRAND, LONDON.

WORKS: BIRMINGHAM.

FENCING A SPECIALITY.

MCPHERSON'S HIGH-CLASS GYMNASIUM,

35 SLOANE STREET.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

Instruction in all Physical Exercises for all Ages and all Ailments.

Prospectus forwarded free.

Member of the British College of Physical Education.

TELEGRAMS: "GYMNICAL," LONDON.

EPPE'S COCOAINE.

COCOA-NIB EXTRACT.

(TEA-LIKE.)

The choicest roasted nibs (broken-up beans) of the natural Cocoa, on being subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure, give forth their excess of oil, leaving for use a finely-flavoured powder—"Cocaine," a product which, when prepared with boiling water, has the consistence of tea, of which it is now, with many, beneficially taking the place. Its active principle being a gentle nerve stimulant, supplies the needed energy without unduly exciting the system. Sold only in labelled Tins.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, The New
Grand Ballet, MONTE CRISTO. Great Success. Lumière Cinematographs. Grand Variety Entertainment—Mr. Arthur Roberts as the great Trickoli. Doors open at 7.45.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—SCHOLARSHIPS, 1897. Two of £30, One of £50, One of £40. Examination begins July 14th.—For information apply to the Rev. THE WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on June 8th, 9th, and 10th. Ten Scholarships at least of value ranging between £80 and £50 per annum will be awarded. Also one Scholarship of £35 per annum, tenable for three years, for Sons of Old Cheltenham only. Chief subjects Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under 15.—Apply to the BURSAR, The College, Cheltenham.

REVERSIONS and LIFE INTERESTS in Landed or Funded Property or other Securities and Annuities purchased, or Loans granted thereon, by the **EQUITABLE REVERSIONARY INTEREST SOCIETY, Limited**, 10 Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, W.C. Established 1835. Capital £500,000.

THE GONCOURT COLLECTION.—A few of the gems of ORIENTAL ART having been secured by Mr. LARKIN are now ON VIEW at 28 New Bond Street.

BOOKS.

BOOKS.—HATCHARDS, Booksellers to the Queen, 187 Piccadilly, W.—Libraries entirely Fitted up, Arranged, and Catalogued. All the New and Standard Books, Bibles, Prayer Books, &c. New Choice Bindings for Presents. Post orders promptly executed. Usual cash discounts.

BOOKS.—ALL OUT OF PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. No matter what the subject. Patronized by the Nobility. The most expert Book-finder extant. Please state wants.—**EDWARD BAKER'S Great Bookshop**, Birmingham.

MEMORY.—Prof. A. LOISETTE'S Assimilative MEMORY SYSTEM.

The last, most complete and perfect edition.
Arranged for Self-Instruction.
Speaking Without Notes. Mind-Wandering Cured.
Indispensable in preparing for Examinations.

Any book learned in one reading.
Cloth bound, with Portrait and Autograph. Price net \$2.50 American, 10s. 6d. English. Post free. Prospectus with opinions of Educators, Scientific, Professional and Business Men all over the world free.—Address, A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, New York, or 200 Regent Street, London. Not sold elsewhere.

NEW NOVELS AT ALL LIBRARIES AND BOOKSELLERS'.

NOW READY.

DEAR FAUSTINA.

By RHODA BROUGHTON.
Author of "Nancy," "Red as a Rose is She," &c.
In 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

NOW READY.

PANTALAS.

By EDWARD JENKINS, Author of "Ginx's Baby."
In 1 vol. crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

NOW READY.

IN A COUNTRY TOWN.

A Story Unfounded on Fact.
By HONOR PERCEVAL.
In 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

ASHLEY.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD.
In 1 vol. crown 8vo. scarlet cloth, 2s. 6d.; green cloth, 2s.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Edited by W. L. COURTNEY.

MAY.

A STUDY IN TURKISH REFORM. By A TURKISH PATRIOT.
UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM J. S. MILL TO PROFESSOR NICHOL. By Professor W. KNIGHT.
THE TWENTIETH ITALIAN PARLIAMENT. By OUIDA.
PROFESSOR WILLIAM WALLACE. By J. H. MUIRHEAD.
"EPIC AND ROMANCE." By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.
THE ISLAND OF SAKHALIN. By HARRY DE WINDT.
DEGREES FOR WOMEN. By J. K. TANNER.
THE WRONG WAY WITH THE NAVY. By WILLIAM LAIRD CLOWES.
THE IDEA OF COMEDY AND PINERO'S NEW PLAY. By W. L. COURTNEY.
RUSSIA ON THE BOSPHORUS. By Captain GAMBIER, R.N.
MADAME BARTET. By YETTA BLAZE DE BURY.
THE CASE AGAINST GREECE. By DIPLOMATICUS.
CRETE AND THE CRETANS. By E. J. DILLON.

CHAPMAN & HALL, Limited, London, W.

MR. WM. HEINEMANN'S NEW LIST.

PETER THE GREAT.

By K. WALISZEWSKI,
Author of "The Romance of an Empress," "The Story of a Throne."
Translated by LADY MARY LOYD.
2 vols. demy 8vo. with Portrait, 28s. [Next week.]

AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.

Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d. [Next week.]

RHODESIA.

By S. J. DU TOIT.
1 vol. 8vo. with 16 Full-page Illustrations from Original Photographs and Sketches price 7s. 6d.

ROMANTIC INDIA.

By ANDRÉ CHEVRILLON.
1 vol. 7s. 6d. net.

THE OUTGOING TURK.

Impressions of a Journey through the Western Balkans.
By H. C. THOMSON, Author of "The Chitral Campaign,"
With Illustrations from Original Photographs. Demy 8vo. 24s. net.

NEW NOVELS.

THE THIRD VIOLET.

By STEPHEN CRANE. 1 vol. 6s.

THE SPOILS OF POYNTON.

By HENRY JAMES. 1 vol. 6s.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE PARISH.

By JOHN QUINE. 1 vol. 6s.

COTTAGE FOLK.

By Mrs. COMYNS CARR. 1 vol. 6s.

FLAMES: a London Phantasy.

By ROBERT HICHENS. Sixth Thousand. 1 vol. 6s.

THE OUTSPAN: Tales of South Africa.

By J. PERCY FITZPATRICK. 1 vol. 3s. 6d.

MR. BLAKE OF NEWMARKET.

By E. H. COOPER. 1 vol. 3s. 6d.

YEKL: a Tale of the New York Ghetto.

By A. CAHAN. Cloth, 3s. net; paper, 2s. 6d. net. [Pioneer Series.]

LONDON: WM. HEINEMANN, 21 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

BOOKSELLERS,

BOOK EXPORTERS,

BOOK BINDERS,

AND

LIBRARIANS.

ENGLISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN, GERMAN,
AND SPANISH BOOKS.

THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE WORLD.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, LIMITED,

30 TO 34 NEW OXFORD STREET,

241 BROMPTON ROAD, S.W., and

48 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.,
LONDON,

And 10 to 12 BARTON ARCADE, MANCHESTER.